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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Arm Chair Philosophy

THE arm chair philosopher, that genial critic of life and manners who delivers himself of ruminations on the world and existence with the serenity and suavity of one whose opinions have been mellowed in the process of living and whose utterance has won elegance through leisure for polishing, is increasingly rare in our midst. His place has been taken by the columnist, with his quips, his frequent brilliant sallies into epigram and verse, and his hodge-podge of contributed material, by the syndicated monitors of public morals, public health, and public behavior, and by the newspaper critic whose comment on literature or art is nine-tenths reporting and one-tenth appraisal based on general intelligence rather than on special scholarship. The pace of the time is too swift for the essayist, and the temper of the public too impatient.

For the essay of all forms of literature for its successful achievement demands the contemplative mind in its creator and the meditative temperament in its reader. Its very essence is discursiveness and a catholicity of interest that finds in the drone of the humming birds above the beds of heliotrope as sure a springboard to reflection as in the emergence of a new code of conduct. The moment the essay becomes too militant in its argument it is no longer essay but propaganda; the moment it becomes too precise in its reasoning it is exegesis.

This is not to say that the proper essayist has no incentive to his discussion. He has indeed, and that incentive may serve him equally well whether it is no more far-reaching than a desire to pay tribute to the bouquet of a wine or is so comprehensive as the formulation of a whole philosophy of beauty from the sheen on a butterfly's wing. But the strength of the essay resides in what is the weakness of more rigorous types of literature, its inclination to ramble into byways, its responsiveness to the incidental and the casual, its habit of analogy and illustration. And he is the most deft practitioner of the art who leads his readers furthest along the pathways of appreciation, as he is the most pleasing who most fully evokes in them a mood of tender enjoyment. As to the most notable, he is that essayist who under cover of the agreeable dalliance of his manner rouses to sharpest thinking.

The temper of America has never been particularly hospitable to the essay form, except, perhaps, in such instances as those in which the essay presented a code of morals. Life in the United States in its early days was too constant a struggle with nature to nourish the ease of body and mind which the essay demands, while in later years the excitement and elation of colossal development militated once more against the reflective impulse. The impetuosity of success, the exhilaration of achievement, the lure of future expansion, had little fellowship with the mildness of contemplative writing. And now today when we have cast off the intoxication of youth and have arrived at years of deliberation, our social organism has become so highly geared as scarcely to permit of leisurely meditation.

Again and in a new way, America is in flux, with old relationships taking on new forms through fresh social alignments, with problems pressing thick as the result of the passing of isolation from Europe, with science and its applications transforming the very warp and woof of living. The realists have been in the saddle of late, and to be a good essayist a man must have something of the idealist about him. At least he must believe in the romance of living, love living so dearly that if as essayist he turns cynic it is only because romance has been shattered, or love it so serenely that something of the beauty he sees passes to his reader through the medium of his own emotion remembered in tranquillity. When America has reached the point where she feels that achievement should leave room from leisure to loaf and invite the soul, then the essay should come into its own as a popular form of literature.

In the Day of Judgment

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

HOW shall my God be justified
In his own strict sight
For leading me from nothingness
Into created light?

How from all souls made perfect win
Assent that, had he slacked
To shape me, his innumerable
A unit would have lacked?

Will he say, Since I reared a weed
Her also I devised
By whose corroborating gaze
My weed was recognized;

Or, Having aimed a falling star
Her in good time I made,
And waked for grief one night, that it
Might not ungreeted fade;

Or, To extreme old age preserved,
Her, friendless and infirm,
I by long paths led to lie down
To feed a doubting worm?
What word, way, deed, dream, done or endured,
Lost or gained, will he find
Sylvia to authenticate
Among all mankind?

Will he who all dimensions holds
My grave or petty cite,
Constant or fleeting, to persuade
The attentive infinite

That in the mood of making me
He did not do amiss—
Will he a vow long-labored urge,
Or some most casual kiss?

This Week

"Walther Rathenau."
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"Laud, Storm Center of Stuart England."
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Next Week, or Later

In Queen Anne's Day.
By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN.

Pindar as a Poet*

By ALFRED R. BELLINGER
Yale University

IT is startling to consider how little of what scholarship quaintly terms "the literature" on Pindar is devoted to the consideration of Pindar as a poet. There are obvious reasons for this: the question of his meter is so complicated, and so hotly disputed, that many never get beyond it; the undoubted obscurity of many passages (even setting aside the inevitable question of the establishment of the text) tempts the scholar into a series of puzzles the solutions to which are not concerned with poetry at all; there is the secondary information to be squeezed out of him by historians and mythologists. But the deeper reason for the paucity of true critical material about him is that he has some claim to be considered the most difficult poet in the world and the effort required to get at the essence of him is prodigious. I do not mean the difficulty presented by the Greek, or by the meter, or by the obscurities of content, but the difficulty of answering the question "why and wherein is he a great poet?" It is of very little help to reply that all the Greek and Latin writers acknowledge him to be such; that only introduces the second question "why did they think so?" What we need to know is not whether Horace admired him, but whether he is admirable to us. There have been frank sceptics who have insisted that he is merely a literary curiosity and, if that charge is to be disposed of, some better reply must be found than that he has been much applauded by the ancients.

There is therefore, more significance to be attached to such a verse translation of Pindar's Odes as that by Mr. C. T. Billson, the second volume* of which has just appeared, than is implied in the fact that he has produced a limited and very sumptuous edition of a poet less known at first hand than by reputation. The introduction and brief prefatory notes to the individual odes furnish the *sine qua non* of commentary, and the translation is certainly the most nearly satisfactory attempt to render Pindar into English meter. It is a contribution, and an important one, to the interpretation to this age of the real values of a poet whom antiquity considered supreme in his field. Had that poet been Homer or Virgil the interest of the contribution would have been largely in comparing it with the innumerable other well known evaluations, but, in the case of Pindar, such interpretation is as rare as it is desirable.

* * *

One of Pindar's claims to attention may be shortly dismissed. His greatness does not depend on his meter. It may be conceded that he is a supreme technician, that he is unrivalled in his handling of lyric meters, but if nothing more could be urged on his behalf than the complexity of his rhythms, he would be a literary curiosity indeed. If there is real greatness in him it ought to be something which has appeal more widely than to the expert alone—something which can still be traced after the lapse of centuries and through the medium of translation. The first difficulty in discovering what this is lies in his subjects. It is hard for us to take altogether seriously poems written to celebrate horse races and boxing matches. Yet it is essential that we should take them seriously, for neither the poet nor his audience saw anything incongruous in the enlisting of art to magnify strength of limb and fleetness of foot. It is true that there is very little description of the events in the Odes—very little of

* PINDAR'S ODES OF VICTORY. The Nemean and Isthmian Odes with an Introduction and a Translation into English Verse by C. T. BILLSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930.

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what one looks for in a sports writer, but that is for the simple reason that, in the poet's eyes, the victory is more important than the contest, and the victory points away to larger and remoter lines of thought than the details of the contest. We hear more of Ajax of Ægina than we do of the winning Æginetans in the games, but that is because they are heroes of a type which finds its beau ideal in him, not because their efforts are beneath the poet's notice.

A much more serious obstacle to our appreciating Pindar is his quick succession of ideas, so briefly announced that they give at first the impression of entire discontinuity. The first Olympian opens with the words "Water is best." The connotations of that remark are numerous and an English poet would have been sure to dwell upon the thought, but here it is dismissed without a further word. Water, gold, the sun, and the Olympian games are taken as examples of supreme excellence, but there is no reasoning about the matter; one must take it as announced. There is something peremptory in this brevity which is almost like an affront to a reader of the more discursive poets of our own tongue. One gets the feeling sometimes that the Odes are strings of bright beads which have no relation but contiguity. Of course, this is not true. Closer inspection shows the artistic structure of the poems, which is sometimes very beautiful. Still, one wonders what must have been the effect on the audience who heard the Odes for the first time. People who are wont to sentimentalize about the simplicity of Greek art are generally discreetly silent about Pindar. For, to tell the truth, he is disquieting to anyone who regards the Parthenon as characteristic of the genius of the race. The Parthenon has subtleties enough, heaven knows, but they all lead the eye insensibly to that vision of the whole which was the builder's constant purpose and in which the subtleties are lost: with Pindar, too often one can get no vision of the whole at all until the subtleties are examined and deciphered, and, instead of making a complex conception appear simple he generally makes quite a simple idea appear very complicated. This perversity is not without other examples in Greek art but it is nowhere so consistent and so remarkable as in Pindar, and, as it is his frank admission that he is intelligible only to the cultured few, we have every reason to believe that his countrymen found him troublesome, as we do.

* * *

Nor must one look in him for philosophic depths or great moral heights. It would be unfair to judge him by the standard of Plato, but even in comparison with his contemporary Æschylus he shows himself not only lacking in the thirst for knowledge, but also scarcely aware of the great problems of life, and committed to a standard of ethics which is certainly conventional.

> There is a mean in all things, and to know
> The timely moment is a wise man's goal.
> Life's primal crown
> Is happiness; the next is good renown;
> And who gains both hath won man's highest prize.*

This is clearly a doctrine which leans toward security rather than aspiration. In this, at least, he is true enough to the Greek ideal according to which moderation is the mother of all virtues, but, it must be repeated, his uncritical acceptance of the conditions of life makes Pindar a poet of little stimulus to the inquiring mind.

But to infer that he is incapable of stimulating in any fashion would be a complete mistake. He is an aristocrat and, little as the modern reader might be satisfied with the aristocratic society of the fifth century B. C., there is something infectious in Pindar's enthusiasm for it. He does not argue the nature or the bases of wealth and power. He takes them as the proper and acknowledged goals of human endeavor. Water, gold, the sun, and the Olympian games: what man of so ignoble mind as to doubt the preëminence of these? The connection is an important indication of his feeling for money. It is not gold to be hoarded that men should desire but gold to be used, as are water and the sun, in a princely bounty which shall enrich all men.

> The charity of Crœsus shall not fade,
> But he who burned men in the bull of brass,
> Inhuman Pholaris, can ne'er evade
> The bruit of general hate.

Specifically, it must be confessed, the poet's chief anxiety seems to be that sufficient should be spent to recompense the bard, and this is not the only instance in which his personality is injected into his Odes in what is to us very poor taste. There is nothing to be gained by passing over such lapses or by attempting to explain them away. A strange superstition is sometimes encountered which would persuade men that, if a great poet be sufficiently antique, he must then be of an even and entire greatness. This is more nearly true of Sophocles than any other; it is not in the least true of Pindar. There is bad poetry in him in abundance. But, in the point under discussion there are two things to be urged in his behalf: first, his mention of himself is never servile, and, second, his belief in the importance of the bard is, at bottom, an exaltation of the Muses. At the end of the 1st Olympian, addressing Hieron, tyrant of Syracuse, he exclaims

> For me the Muse keeps still her bravest dart.
> Though divers all the glories of the great
> Yet royal greatness overtops them all.
> Look not, great king, beyond thy present state,
> But evermore while blessings on thee fall
> O mayest thou walk apart
> On those proud heights through all thy years of fame.
> And O that I may welcome all my days
> Victors as friends, and for wise-hearted lays
> Throughout all Hellas bear a glorious name!

This is the man at his best. The pride which is sometimes a vice in him is here, as often, a virtue. He speaks to the King as to an equal; indeed we know that his independence in that respect was sometimes irksome to Hieron. But, though Pindar might sing for pay he would not flatter even for the favor of a tyrant. The whole collection is perfectly free from servility. If he occasionally tells his client that it is a good thing to spend money for poetry, he never thinks or pretends that the obligation of the poet is as great as that of the client.

For he does emphatically believe that poetry is a divine thing. We may quote the opening of the 1st Pythian as an illustration and, incidentally, as a particularly fine example of Mr. Billson's translation.

> O dear to Leto's son, and no less dear
> To all the dusk-haired muses, Golden Lyre,
> Whose notes invite the dancer's listening feet,
> And lead the songs of the responsive choir,
> When from thy trembling strings the prelude sweet
> Of forceful strains they hear.
> Thou stay'st the eternal lightning's lance of fire,
> And lulled by thee the eagle, feathered king,
> Drooping to either side each powerful wing,
> Sleeps on the sceptre of Olympus' Sire.
>
> A cloudy haze of slumber, drawing close
> O'er his bowed head, hath sweetly sealed his eyes,
> And while he yields to thy melodious sway
> On his soft back the feathers fall and rise.
> Even stern Ares throws his spears away
> And sinks in deep repose
> Beneath the spell, for thy keen music flings
> A charm to hold the very gods in trance,
> When o'er the chords Apollo's fingers glance,
> Or when deep-girdled Muses sweep the strings.

This heavenly power, in its fulness, is entrusted to mortals only by direct inspiration and is not to be acquired by mere training.

> The best is Nature's work, yet some suppose
> That they can learn to soar:
> But where God is not silence is the best.

And again,

> True art is his whom Nature's self hath taught;
> But those who learn by rote
> To sound a senseless note
> Clack like two daws, whose utterance is naught,
> Against the Bird of Zeus self-poised in godlike power.

The "Bird of Zeus" is, of course, Pindar himself: the "two daws" are his rivals Simonides and Bacchylides. Our poet does them scant justice and yet, though we rate them much more highly than did he, there is, between him and them, a difference which we can account for no better than by calling it inspiration. For there is about the great Theban an abundance, a splendor which makes him soar above his rivals. He is a prince among poets, making manifest to all the world the inexhaustible store of his treasure and glorified thereby. These are his true claims to greatness: his wealth of image, his entire confidence in the objects of his admiration, his passion of devotion to the virtue and beauty that he saw.

It is easier to come to the conclusion that Pindar is a great poet than to decide that any one of his Odes, taken as a whole, is a great poem. There are passages in all of them which make an instant appeal:

> With praise of gods and with his godlike might
> Our hymn's foundations have been truly wrought.
> Success is glory's summit, and the Muse
> Broods with delight o'er contests nobly fought.
>
> for justice flowers indeed
> When one is called to give the noble praise!
>
> But o'er all men's ways
> Time rolls the changes of his drifting days:
> Only the sons of gods no sufferings stain.
>
> When through the cunning of Hephæstus' hand
> Down on her Father's head
> With one loud cry, at the bronze axe's stroke,
> Athene leapt, and at her shout of dread
> The heavens and mother earth in terror shook.

But it is only with reading and rereading that the essential unity of the poems becomes apparent. They have never had a large audience and they probably never will have, but there are great poems among them, an ample reward for those who will brave the difficulties of real knowledge of them. If the flight of the Theban eagle is a lonely flight it is not the less magnificant.

* The translations are Mr. Billson's.

A Great German

WALTHER RATHENAU: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Count Harry Kessler. Translated from the German by W. D. Robson Scott and Lawrence Hyde. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1930.

Reviewed by Bernadotte E. Schmitt

WHEN the late Dr. Stresemann died in the autumn of 1929, few persons remembered, if indeed they ever knew, that the policy associated with his name was not original with him. For the doctrine that Germany could recover her position in the world only by executing the Treaty of Versailles (within the limits of her capacity) and by being reconciled with her former enemies, was preached by Walther Rathenau and practiced by him, as foreign minister, when his famous successor was little more than an ambitious politician. But for his untimely death, Rathenau would probably have become a world figure.

Even as it was, he was perhaps the most astonishing person of modern Germany, and he thoroughly deserved this excellent biography by his friend Count Kessler. The son of a manufacturer who became the head of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft, the most important industrial organization in prewar Germany, Walther Rathenau not only succeeded his father in this position, but became interested in eighty-five other German and twenty-one foreign business enterprises. No one was so well fitted to organize German raw materials for the prosecution of the war, and without his work in the early months of the great conflict, Germany might well have been beaten much earlier. Later he became the proponent of "rationalization" and, incidentally, the chief rival of Hugo Stinnes.

Great captain of industry that he was, Rathenau will be chiefly remembered chiefly as a man and a statesman. Immense wealth did not satisfy him, although he used it freely to satisfy his personal tastes. Of a deeply introspective nature, he was for ever speculating not only about the peace of his soul, but on the problem of creating and spreading spiritual values among the masses which, he believed, could not be accomplished so long as they were afflicted with poverty and ignorance. To bring about moral and social reformation, he was prepared to use ever-increasing wealth in most uncapitalistic fashion. In a long series of brilliant writings, of which the most notable was "Von Kommenden Dingen" (translated as "In Days to Come"), he advocated "the nationalization of monopolies, the abolition of the right of inheritance, the ruthless taxation of the wealthy, the liberation of the proletariat, a society without classes, and other Red impossibilities." Yet these heresies did not debar him from high German society, which felt the force of his personality and enjoyed the brilliance of his conversation.

Another paradox was that, although a Jew, Rathenau greatly admired the blond Prussians, whose traits he studied and cultivated, and that too though in general Jews were held in contempt by Prussian tradition. And yet again, in spite of his Prussian sympathies, he was intensely critical of the prevailing political system. As far back as 1906, he remarked to Count Kessler:

> A bank like the Deutsche Bank can be run for five years by quite incompetent directors without the public becoming

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aware of the fact; but after that its position will gradually decline. With a state like Germany, misrule may perhaps continue for twenty years without any great damage; then suddenly the consequences become visible on every hand.

He condemned both the autocratic methods of the government and the aristocratic tradition of its diplomacy. Like Ballin, he urged an understanding with England; he disapproved of the blind loyalty to Austria, and the war revolted both his sensitive soul and his practical experience.

The world of today presented itself to him (says his biographer) as a single industrial and intellectual mechanism which was only superficially divided by political frontiers. Armaments, which only serve to strengthen political boundaries, are therefore incapable of maintaining a state permanently above the level which the interplay of its industrial, intellectual, and moral forces assigns it. It is these last, and not armaments, which determine a nation's true standing in the scale of fate, and in the long run its actual position in the world.

It was because of this philosophy that when the war left Germany broken and helpless, Rathenau could advocate a policy profoundly unpopular with his countrymen. First as minister of reconstruction, he tried to negotiate a reasonable settlement of the reparations question directly with France, and then as foreign minister he pursued the double aim of carrying out the Treaty of Versailles and showing the difficulties of doing so. The Treaty of Rapalla was but a means to that end, so Count Kessler argues, and the detailed story of that tragic incident, which is here told for the first time, bears him out. The time was not ripe, and Rathenau fell a victim to assassination by fanatical reactionaries. But his very death only brought into bold relief, after the invasion of the Ruhr, the impossibility of any other course, and Stresemann was able successfully to follow the course which Rathenau had plotted.

Count Kessler is not blind to the faults of his hero, who was a man of temper and quarreled with some whose assistance would have been most helpful to him. But by extensive quotations from Rathenau's books, correspondence, and diary, he lets the man speak for himself, being content to explain the contradictions of a highly complex personality which baffled Rathenau himself almost as much as it did his contemporaries. One instinctively thinks of another great Jew of an earlier generation, but not even Benjamin Disraeli was at once a great business man, a philosopher of distinction, a practical politician, and a seer.

Portrait of a Churchman

LAUD, STORM CENTER OF STUART ENGLAND. By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN. New York: Brentano's. 1930.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Yale University

TWO things Mr. Coffin has done unusually well in this book. He has succeeded in dealing dispassionately with one of the most controversial figures in English history, a figure about whom Englishmen naturally divide today; he has assumed neither a high Anglican nor a Puritan point of view. And he has given us a portrait of Laud that is, I believe, a likeness. He has no thesis to support, no dominating characteristic to emphasize for the sake of artistic unity; he has no theory of psychoses to set forth, though he is naturally interested in those dreams which Laud so frequently recorded; he does not, I think, use the word "complex" or "inhibition." Yet he succeeds in making Laud slowly emerge from his seventeenth century frame. He has one advantage over most who have written about Laud; they have been very serious, and Mr. Coffin is not. He is trying to tell the truth about Laud, but he is never far from the edge of flippancy.

There is unhappily a kind of amateurishness about his history. He is obviously one who has worked up his foreground but is a little unfamiliar with his background. He puts Laud too much in the front, forgetting the greater Thomas Wentworth. He talks of "Laud's policy," "Laud's king," "Laud's rule," etc. He accepts the old story about Wentworth's defection from the parliamentary party and gives us thereby a less subtle as well as less accurate portrait of Wentworth. His whole portrait of Wentworth is indeed conventional and almost misleading. Mr. Coffin uses William Prynne, Laud's Puritan baiter, for comic relief, but overdoes somewhat the importance of Prynne. He divides England into two camps much more sharply than it was divided until after the outbreak of the Civil Wars.

Mr. Coffin's defects of historical knowledge are easier to forgive than a certain affectation of style. Listen to this sentence:

Herrick languishing in dull Devonshire and writing the honestest and brightest country songs the world possesses was leading forth his peacocks in snow, playing with thistledown in time of thunder

or this about William Prynne, the author of "Lovelocks":

He comes with heaven's artillery from the Bible, the horse of the orators, and the foot of the law to lay low an offending lock of hair. He is so unsportsmanlike; he seems hardly an Englishman.

One could pardon some such high-flown and overdone sentences, one could pardon that bit of exaggeration which is to be found too often, one could pardon that want of deeper understanding of the seventeenth century which would grace even a work intended for the public, if one were sure that this author were doing his level best to make the seventeenth century clear to everyday readers, to explain Erastianism, Arminianism, and a dozen other terms

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to the man on the porch who is not always without intellectual curiosity and the woman's club member from Tioga Springs who really does wish to widen her outlook. I am afraid that this book assumes a lot of knowledge but does not do that workaday and useful job of making hard matters as simple as they can be made by taking pains. Mr. Coffin is, I suspect, a humble follower of Lytton Strachey (especially of his "Eminent Victorians"). Let him study the skill and economy of phrase with which Strachey, without seeming to instruct, guides his average reader through the mazes of politics and religion.

But I would not be too critical. The truth is that I enjoyed reading this book, that I found it sprightly and, in general, just and fairly accurate.

The Turks, according to an Istambul correspondent of the London *Observer*, "are not satisfied with their language, which many of them consider difficult to use. In fact, in no other tongue spoken in Europe," he says, "are grammatical relations so vague, with such a lack of terseness, quite apart from a great many Arabic locutions conveying ideas which a single word would have been quite sufficient to express. A well-known Turkish grammarian has been entrusted with the task of laying the foundations of a new grammar. He has completed his work and claims to have based it on the general rules laid down by French and Swiss philologists. A congress of teachers has now been convened at Angora for next month, in order that important decisions may be taken. The same movement also includes the rejection of words borrowed from Arabic and Persian. The place they have hitherto occupied in the Turkish language may be illustrated by the fact that it is nearly impossible, even to a man of the lower class, to use a single phrase without introducing at least one or two Persian or Arabic words. On the other hand, the revival of old Turkish words has provoked disapproval in some quarters, where it is pointed out that the replacing of Arabic words, which everybody understands, by words which it is necessary to look up in the dictionaries does not add to the clearness of the language."

Spain of Today

SPAIN. By S. DE MADARIAGA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ROGER B. MERRIMAN
Harvard University

THE author of this interesting if not altogether convincing book is a distinguished Spaniard in the middle forties, who has held, since 1928, the King Alphonso XIII Professorship of Spanish Studies at the University of Oxford. He has had wide experience of international affairs, and was Director of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations from 1922 to 1927.

The work falls roughly into two main parts. Its principal object is to characterize the Spain of today, and to state the various problems with which she is now confronted; but in order to make the picture clear, the author has felt it necessary to give his readers a certain amount of historical background—most of it concentrated in the early chapters, the rest scattered through the remainder of the book. He is much less successful in his dealing with the past than with the present. Errors of fact are to be found on almost every page. Such statements as that which places the battle of Lepanto in 1572 (the date is correctly given in another place), or the death of Philip IV in 1765, may charitably be ascribed to careless proof-reading: when we are told that "Peter the Great conquered Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, and the coast of Africa" it is harder to forgive. We heartily concur in the opinion that Philip II was "no maniac of intolerance"; but we should have preferred to select other methods of proving the point than "his efforts to damp the Inquisitional zeal of Mary Tudor" (*ibid.*); his actions in this matter were guided by his father and the Imperial ambassador Simon Renard, and were dictated solely by considerations of political expediency. The statement that Philip "lost the Northern Netherlands, which he handed over to his daughter and her husband the Archduke Albert," if literally true, gives a totally false impression; the fact, of course, was that he bequeathed to them the Southern Netherlands and the impossible task of reconquering the Northern ones, which were already gone for good, even though Spain refused to admit it till 1648. The worst pages in the book are those dealing with the Spanish colonial system in the New World. Frankly, Señor de Madariaga does not seem to us to have grasped the fundamental principles of it, and he certainly does not know the facts. American readers will raise their eyebrows a little at finding no mention of the name of William H. Prescott in his bibliography; the author has apparently relied, for his knowledge of the Spanish pioneers, on an unimportant monograph by C. F. Lummis.

A good many of the afore-mentioned defects are doubtless to be attributed to the author's evident desire to be concise: but unfortunately Spanish history is so full of variety, that accurate conciseness—and generalization—are practically impossible. And one cannot help wondering about the type of reader for whom the volume is principally intended. Señor de Madariaga spends much time in laying ghosts which —for those who know any Spanish history at all—have long since ceased to exist. On the other hand some of his dicta are so far-reaching—and even profound—as to be practically incomprehensible save to those who know a great deal.

But it is high time that we should have done with criticism, and dwell, instead, on the lasting merits of the book, which are to be found, as we have already indicated, in those portions of it which deal with the conditions of the present day. It certainly contains many opinions from which other authorities—both Spanish and foreign—would emphatically dissent; but the situation in the peninsula is at this moment so complicated that it would be quite impossible to paint a picture satisfactory to all. And we hasten to add that no one is better qualified to have opinions—and to express them—than Señor de Madariaga.

His point of view is frankly that of the constitutionalist: his only real hero, in the political life of the last half century, is Canalejas, of Padlock Bill fame. He fears the excessive influence of the Church and the Army, and by no means whole-heartedly approves of the King, who has not emancipated himself from it, and who in permitting Primo de Rivera to assume the dictatorship, broke his oath to maintain the constitution which had been framed for his father by Canovas and Sagasta. Alfonso's relations

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to Primo are not made perfectly clear: in one place His Majesty is characterized as "a prisoner," and then, two pages later, as "the main power behind the dictator"; on the other hand, there are several illuminating sentences in which the position occupied by Primo is compared with that of Mussolini, and it is made abundantly plain that though the former was a chief, he never was a *Duce*. The tremendous difficulties inherent in the Catalan problem are as fairly presented as they can be in short space: the brief chapter on Portugal is brilliant; and the author makes no effort to conceal from Englishmen the fact that their retention of Gibraltar is a terrible blow to Spanish pride. We should have welcomed a few more pages about Morocco, and the cultural implications of Pan-Iberianism in its most modern sense; but when Señor de Madariaga has given us so much, it is perhaps unfair to complain that he has not given us more.

The author is particularly happy in his explanation and justification of the position occupied by his country during the World War. He shows how it accelerated the economic re-awakening, whose beginnings were plainly evident in the preceding decades, how it helped to end the " old ghostly system" in internal politics, and to "bring realities in," how it gave back to Spain the place in the family of European states which she had almost lost in the nineteenth century, and enabled her to live an international life such as she had not known since the days of the Hapsburgs. All around, the future seems very bright to him, save for the political situation created by the Dictatorship, which is well summarized as follows: "The events of the last six years, and even those which preceded them, await a political trial. The Government is in a deadlock. If it advances along the road to liberty, it frees the feeling which demands that trial; if it resists, it falls back on the dictatorship. The deadlock continues."

New York a National Peril

MASTERING A METROPOLIS: Planning the Future of the New York Region. By R. L. DUFFUS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by BENTON MACKAYE

We have (in New York and environs) a population of over ten million people, and we must somehow find room before 1965 for about ten million more.

As far ahead as we can see there will be a great daily flow of travel in and out of the crowded centers—especially in and out of Manhattan Island—and we must do something to make this swifter and less painful than it is at present.

MR. DUFFUS, the author of this book, in the above statements masters a plan for mastering a metropolis. He goes to the root of the big New York Regional Plan and sets forth the exact and ultimate tasks contemplated: "we must" somehow find *room* for people, and "we must" make swifter the *flow* of people. This sounds a bit perplexing and we shall return to it directly.

First let me say, that Mr. Duffus has written an interesting book which presents a telling analysis of a thorough and painstaking plan. In reviewing the book we are reviewing the plan.

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Mr. Duffus offers some bed rock truths which can never be repeated too often. He says that planning "must be dynamic rather than static" (that is, it should keep moving and never stop); that "the industries exist for the people, not the people for the industries" (a sentiment which should be forcibly nailed up over the entrance to every chamber of commerce in the United States); that "the income of the community, . . . is the enjoyment which the average citizen gets out of living" (this taken seriously by the average citizen would cause the greatest revolution in history); that "the 'unity' of a neighborhood unit, . . . needs a flavor of its own—" "We want to keep all the fruitful individuality we can as an offset to the tendencies toward standardization which are inherent in metropolitan life,"—and that "the city does not live to itself alone." "If these (the railways and waterways) are inefficient it will be a sick city; if they were cut it would die."

With these sentiments held in the forefront of his analysis Mr. Duffus describes the monumental report, the result of seven years of research by leading American city planners and economists, for which the Russell Sage Foundation paid out a round million dollars. In one book he summarizes the ten thick volumes which embody the complete project, outlining the various schemes of "neighborhood cells," of parks and parkways, of railway belt lines, of motorway loops in, through, and around the New York Region, which is "five times as large as Rhode Island and one-tenth the size of England" and in which if properly distributed there is ample room for the twenty million people—ten present and ten extra—expected by 1965. The limitations of space forbid description of this great regional plan which deserves all praise for its workmanship, for the untiring devotion and brilliant insight shown in its every detail, and for the courage with which it carves out a bold conception. Even those of us who cannot agree with its fundamental conclusions must admire the sincere effort that was devoted to the development of these colossal schemes.

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The regional plan for New York and environs envisages what amounts to a separate state of the Union, not a political state of course, but an area five-fold that of our smallest state with a possible population twice that of our largest state, forming a compact geographic unit around the Hudson River outlet—the busiest harbor in the Western Hemisphere. This area, however hamstrung by political bounds, is a physical, commercial, industrial, social state of the Union. It is not a balanced state, but few states outside of Alabama and Colorado are balanced. A balanced state must have at least coal and iron and timber and crops. A good name for this state is "Hudson."

Here then is a plan for the "State of Hudson." It is not a plan for developing the coal and iron mines therein, because no substantial mines exist. It is not a plan to develop the crops and forests, except incidentally. It is a plan to develop within the new physical State of Hudson what Mr. Elihu Root has called a "mass human life." It looks like a very practicable plan for developing this kind of human life—which brings up the question as to the human value of this kind of human life. And this brings us back to that perplexing matter of the room for, and the flow of, those ten millions of extra people in and around Manhattan Island for which "we must" provide.

Are these ten million people a desirable asset or an inevitable fate?

Is it desirable to plant twenty millions of people where only ten millions were before? And this in view of the fact that "the city does not live to itself alone" but is at the mercy of the railways and waterways? "If these are ineffective it will be a sick city; if they were cut it would die." Might it not be safer to have these ten million people spread around America instead of around the Hackensack Meadows? Might not the enjoyment of the average citizen (which is "the income of the community") be greater in a smaller but more distinct neighborhood with "a flavor of its own" than in this "mass human life" with its "tendencies toward standardization which are inherent in metropolitan life?"

Are these extra ten million people part of a program "to make as easily available as possible to as many people as possible the riches of the mightiest of cities?" Or is it that they are desirable in order "to erect the most splendid metropolis—the most magnificent regional community—the world has ever known?" Worthy objectives these—for New York or "Hudson," or any other community; but are splendor, magnificence, and mightiness to be measured in terms only of "many" and "more"? Is it quality splendor that is sought or quantity splendor? In which would Burnham say lies the "magic to stir men's blood?" And if quality alone is sought why the ten million "more?"

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The reviewer fails to see the extra population as an asset. Perhaps, however, it is an inevitable fate—a necessary liability. But such apparently is not the thought behind the Plan for, as is well said, it "would not command much enthusiasm if it merely contemplated ways for us to wriggle out of a tight situation." And yet we are told that there "will be" a great daily flow of travel and that "we must" do something to make it "*less* painful." What else, then, is this "great daily flow" but a "tight situation," and what else can the purpose be but to "wriggle out" of it?

Then why wriggle *in*? Why make the way "swifter and less painful?" Why not slower and more painful? Why deliberately plan to achieve something that looks nothing like an asset and something like a liability? New York with her environs can perhaps get these extra ten millions if she tries hard enough. Or she can get rid of them if she tries hard enough. And one way *not* to get them is *not* to make "swifter and less painful" subways.

The more subways the more suburbs, the more suburbs the more subways, *ad infinitum*. This has been New York since 1900. The subway pump has worked well. It has flooded the Bronx and western Long Island, and now it is proposed to fill up the Hackensack Meadows. The old story, as the *Survey Graphic* has said: moving "people each day from places where they would rather not live to places where they would rather not work, and back again." Perhaps this is the inevitable thing to do—to create the new state of "Hudson" and have mass production of "mass human life." It would be the most populous state in the Union—and by far the most unbalanced; and it would have the distinction of piling up *ad infinitum* the most magnificently top-heavy society that "the world has ever known."

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But what is the alternative?

The alternative is very simple:—something at least "conceivable" whether or not inevitable. And we can always make a thing "inevitable" if we try hard enough. The New York subways have proved that. The average citizen wants two things—a job, and a pleasant place for his family to live in. Jobs mean industries. Place your industries where men can place their families, where it is more pleasant rather than less painful. There are many such places on the continent of North America. Place the industries throughout the land with a view to the folks who are to run them. "The industries exist for the people, not the people for the industries." Build some new cities and towns—down South, out West, anywhere but on Manhattan Island or the environs thereof. This, of course, is a job for Americans—not for New Yorkers alone.

New Yorkers can, if they "must," go merrily on—building cities on top of their city. All they need are room and flow: room in the outskirts to absorb the flow from subways,—flow from subways to fill up room in the outskirts. More suburbs more subways, more subways more suburbs, *ad infinitum!*

But if New York "must," other cities need not attempt this quantitative splendor. A colossus of this kind is a danger to itself and through imitation a peril to its neighbors. The American city is no longer a city problem, but a national problem. When one American city sets high heaven as the standard of top-heavy society that city becomes a national peril.

"Bernard Shaw," says the London *Observer*, "has stolen a march upon the public by providing the first volume of the new collected edition of his works with a preface containing a long fragment of autobiography. It is a delightfully disorderly piece of work, beginning with his arrival in London, making its way back by easy stages to the days when he required the care of a nurse, and then working up, in leisurely fashion, to the period which produced his novels. It is frank. It is full of humor. It frequently strays into inimitable parentheses. And yet, apparently, it is to attain no further publicity than the 1,025 copies of this limited edition will secure."

The five volumes (shortly to be published in America and already issued in England), Mr. Shaw explained, comprise the whole of his novels. These will be followed by the plays, and the total edition will run to thirty volumes, which will also include one devoted to short stories. Those who are familiar with Mr. Shaw's prefaces to his books will know how much entertainment can be expected from anything the new edition will add to them.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Sweet Hopes Betrayed

PIED PIPER. By DAPHNE MUIR. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THIS is a tale that glows in the telling. Across the unshaded black and brilliance of the thirteenth century there moves tragically, relentlessly, the long procession of little figures in that tattered gesture towards their God,—the Children's Crusade. History may have none of it but there is a permanence in legendry that bests pedantic records, and romance, as well as truth, goes marching on. Daphne Muir has turned to the old manuscripts for her material in part; the names of the leaders, of the betrayers, and many of the details, agree with those given in the compilation which so long passed for the work of Albericus Trium Fontium. But that is about as unessential as saying that she turned to the English language for her vocabulary, for she has made this Lost Crusade her own story. Names and numbers and points of departure have very little to do with the magic that evokes again the merciless sun of the Midi on those endless days of march, the hunger and the hopelessness, the vice and fear. For there is no hasty transcription here of undigested notes, and whatever raw facts Mrs. Muir collected for her work never appear as such but form within the whole the structural lines upon which the colored pattern is imposed.

The chosen have always seen visions and heard voices. Such a one was Stephen, the boy shepherd of Cloies, who looked up from the bored, brown faces of his sheep one morning to see before him the shining image of Michael the Archangel, "clothed in white brilliance, radiant beyond belief, and armed with a sword of fire." Little wonder that Stephen listened and believed when the Angel called out that he had been chosen to gather together the children of the world to free the sepulchre of the Blessed Christ, and when he said, "The sea will open before you." But the villagers had seen no vision, and they had always thought Stephen a little queer, so when he came with his ecstatic message they beat him and stoned him and turned away. Further afield Stephen, like other prophets, meets with more success. The country rouses, one feels the hysteria of the converts to the scheme, the gratification of priests at the reawakening of their followers, and the delight of the vicious and criminal who see in such a crusade splendid opportunity for exploitation. This sinister undercurrent of evil runs close under the tide of enthusiasm for the holy cause throughout the book, encroaching always upon the ranks of children and hurrying them on to the inevitable disaster.

The tide rises. Only one hand can stop the mad endeavor now. "But the white fingers (of Pope Innocent the Third) never moved to put pen to parchment, and the thin lips were rigid in that mask-like face. And a thousand miles away children listened to the shepherd boy from Cloies, and throughout Europe rose a faint stir of expectation, which grew and grew until it began to thrill through the early summer, carried in the wind, caught up in the clouds, rushing along the rivers, quivering in the light of the sun."

The pitiful march to the sea that is to divide for passage to the Holy Land commences. The young pilgrims are beset with hunger and disease and the terrible heat which beats upon them from the sky and from the baked, hot earth that cuts their blistered feet. There is no day but death walks with them. Their way is marked by "little, shallow graves, whose mounds hardly outlasted the first autumn rain." Day after day and week after week they go on. Stephen knows doubt and his followers know despair. Under the strain the children grow haggard and old but never lose their childishness. They may be shining warriors on a holy quest but they are also peevish, miserable children anxious for the end of the journey, "forgetting the intervening sea and asking always as each town came into view: 'Is this Jerusalem?' "

The story of this crusade is absorbing. Whatever the temptations towards sentimentality, the piteous, or the consciously pathetic, may have been, Mrs. Muir has avoided them scrupulously. In a clear, singing prose of marked beauty the story moves on to its climax, the bright banners move on to their defeat. For the sea does not divide before them. The children are betrayed by two crafty merchants of Marseilles and those who escape drowning are sold as slaves. That is the real end of Stephen's crusade and should perhaps be the end of the story for strictest unity. But the reader who has followed Stephen thus far will be glad to go on through his adventures in the East.

"Pied Piper" is a gracious book that has time for pleasant comment on its way. There is no hurry about it; character is built up bit by bit and scenes are given step by step. The plains of France and the mountains of Italy are known as only countries are that have been crossed on foot. There is intimacy with flower and beast. These are the imperturbable and hopeless burden donkeys of the Holy Land: "Their stable lay before them—before them and they knew it, but being more far-sighted than horses who rejoice when they scent their own quarters, these little asses realized by hereditary instinct that if they did attain the shelter of their own stables it would only be for a day or two, and that inevitably they would face again the rigors of some other journey." There is this same intimate, living quality in every detail of the book so that, for all the seven centuries that lie between its time, and ours, one thinks of it not as an historical novel but as a story of high young hopes of any day defeated by old, unyielding facts of any place.

A Poet's Debut as Novelist

NOT WITHOUT LAUGHTER. By LANGSTON HUGHES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE quality in this first novel by one of the most interesting of the younger negro poets in America that distinguishes it from most of the fiction about negroes by negroes is its tender understanding. It does not burn with the kind of indignation whose heat so easily converts fiction into propaganda; neither does it present its characters as whitewashed whites, with speech and action obviously and pathetically synthetic. It is a subtly simple book, at times bordering on the biblical in the directness of its narrative, and giving one the pleasant impression of listening rather than following with the eyes. Its strength lies in this simplicity, in its author's unflinching honesty, and in his ability to make the reader feel very deeply the problems of his characters.

The life of a negro boy, son of a ne'er-do-well father who is twin brother to Howard Odum's Black Ulysses, although he is a mulatto, and of an honest, hard-working mother who cooks for a family of white people, is the chain upon which the story is strung. Sandy, so nicknamed because his hair is sand-colored, has a grandmother, Aunt Hager, who is typical of an older generation; once she was a slave, but her memories of slavery are not bitter. She loved her mistress and was beloved. She is an angel of mercy for white and black, fervently religious, and devoted to her children and to her one grandchild.

There are two other daughters besides Sandy's mother, one of whom marries a man of property and becomes an Episcopalian, the type of the rising negro who is anxious to forget his racial backgrounds, who speaks with exaggerated correctness, and worships at the shrine of respectability. The youngest of the three is a joy-loving, hot-blooded colored flapper, who goes to the devil in her own way, despite Aunt Hager's earnest pleas and even the use of the cane. Aunt Hager supports herself by taking in washing; her heart is in Sandy's proper upbringing, and in her desire to give him every opportunity she talks to him many times about the problems of their race. She is troubled by the atmosphere of sharp hostility that is about her, for most of her associates, and certainly her youngest daughter, hate white people and express their feelings with complete frankness.

Jimboy, Sandy's wandering father, drops in and out of the picture; when he arrives his "box" comes with him, and he and Aunt Hager's youngest, Harriett, have gay times singing and dancing. He is worthless, and Aunt Hager quarrels with him, but with a certain sympathetic understanding, just as she quarrels bitterly with Harriett, but continues to love her, realizing the child's need for pleasure. This quality, as has been said, distinguishes the book; the life of the negroes is lived not only not without laughter, but not without understanding of one another's difficulties.

Of this simple chronicle of the life of a negro family, Mr. Hughes has made a truly poignant novel. Of the minor tragedies of racial discrimination, such as the turning away from the gates of an amusement park of all the negro children, or the seating of all the negro children in the back rows of the school room, he has written touchingly, and with no trace of pleading, no underlining, just the simple statement, which is here, as always, the most effective means of stressing a point. Of such scenes as a wild dance, or of Jimboy's singing blues, Mr. Hughes has written vividly and colorfully, imparting the rich flavor of these matters without exaggeration.

In time, to return to the outline of the story, Jimboy's wife leaves Aunt Hager to look after Sandy and follows her wandering man. Aunt Hager dies and Sandy goes to live with his very proper Aunt Tempy, until his mother sends for him to come to her in Chicago, where he is soon installed as an elevator man. Then the "bad girl" Harriett reappears, this time as a singer and dancer, and highly successful. She arranges to help Sandy complete his education, and here again Mr. Hughes makes us see the desire of all these people to help one another no matter what Fate has done to them.

All this occurs in Kansas, so that much of the extreme bitterness that might have crept in had the scene been laid in the South is easily left out. But one feels that it would not have been a bitter book in any event; there is too much understanding in it for bitterness. Mr. Hughes has made a real contribution to negro literature in "Not Without Laughter," and wholly aside from its value as observation, it is a good novel, an unusually appealing story handled for the most part with fine skill. The author's name must be added to the long list of contemporary poets who have turned with genuine success to the prose medium.

"Making Hit"

THIS DAY AND TIME. By ANNE W. ARMSTRONG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

LIKE "The Time of Man" with which it inevitably challenges comparison, Mrs. Armstrong's tale of Tennessee mountaineers weaves a strand of poetry through the dunness of its portrayal. It is a grim book, as any delineation of lives lived on the margin of subsistence and so starved of beauty as to seek release in the crudest passions must necessarily be, but it is a valiant book, largely by reason of the heroic personality of its heroine, Ivy Ingoldsby. Mrs. Armstrong uses the flavorsome speech of the mountaineer to excellent effect though as she presents it it lacks that almost Biblical richness and measure of Miss Roberts's dialogue. She has sympathy and understanding for the simple folk of whom she writes and a pity for them that wraps their stark lives in pathos and dignity. Unfortunately she lapses at times—rarely, it must be admitted, but frequently enough to prevent a consistent robustness in her book—into a sentimentalism strangely at variance with the usually tough fibre of her tale. She slides into it at the end where, her heroine's world having come down in ruins about her through the act of a neighbor, Ivy is moved by the gift of a load of wood from another to exclaim in true Pollyanna mood "Law, Enoch, people is so good, hain't they?"; in an earlier scene where Mrs. Armstrong depicts a birthday celebration that would do credit in its general sweetness of spirit to a juvenile for girls, and in several instances in the relations between Ivy and her patron, Shirley. Incidents of this type are all the more jarring because they break into a narrative that is otherwise of moving strength.

Mrs. Armstrong's tale is the story of Ivy Ingoldsby, native of the mountains, who, having vainly attempted to make a living in the town for herself and the child she has born after having been deserted by her husband, returns to her early home to struggle for a meagre subsistence from her niggardly acres. It is a chronicle of hardships bravely endured, of heroic endeavor, small friendlinesses, stark tragedies, and slowly increasing success turned to mockery in the end by a scurvy trick of fate, a chronicle carried and elevated by its presentation of a noble and simple personality. In Ivy Ingoldsby Mrs. Armstrong has depicted a figure as convincing as it is impressive.

We said before that through the generally somber texture of "This Day and Time" runs a gleam of poetry. It is poerty derived in the main from the implications of Ivy's mother love and from brief snatches of nature description which strike like glints of sunshine through the book. It is not, however, that sustained lyrical quality, that poetry which in

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Miss Roberts's work seems always held in solution, again and again to be precipitated by a sense of the radiance of life despite its frequent sordidness. And by so much as it misses this quality, this quivering tenderness which brims over on occasion to elation, by so much it misses being as notable a book as "The Time of Man." Nevertheless it is a fine book, one which deserves to be read now and to find its place on the shelf beside Miss Roberts's kindred tale and beside such other novels as Edna Ferber's "So Big" and Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground."

Lovely Lady

WHITE JADE. By MAUDE MEAGHER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

IT is simply inevitable that one should play upon the title of this book in estimating its literary quality. To some it may be a prose poem, but to the lover of the Orient it must be a beautifully carven piece of white jade with all the gracefully flowing Chinese lines, all the appealing purity of its Chinese whiteness, and all the mystic exoticism of its Chinese symbolism.

Yang Kuei Fei's irresistible and unforgettable beauty has become a legend in China and her charm has allowed few Chinese or foreign literati wholly to escape her influence. Heaven only knows how many poems have been penned, novels written, grand operas planned to the greater glory of Yang Kuei Fei.

The author of "White Jade" has met the half-legendary lady on her own ground and has not only drawn her character but has depicted her influence upon the Chinese of all ages and all times with a subtlety and beauty which might well be themselves considered as a reflection of the lovely lady herself.

Few books in English or other Western languages have caught and entangled in their literary meshes so much of the mental atmosphere of the Chinese poet-philosophers. Here is a truer picture of that aspect of Chinese civilization than is to be found in volumes of descriptive analysis. He who has once sensed it will find it here: he who has not will never find it in the descriptive volumes.

A Mirror to America

EL GOES SOUTH. By MACKINLAY KANTOR. New York: Coward McCann. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

FOR all its sleek and wiry sophistication, and in spite of its ingenious construction, "El Goes South" does not take hold. It has no heart. Mr. Kantor writes with such an avid eye for surfaces, sees their colors and their ironic implications so quickly, that he quite neglects to give his story any graspable substance. To be sure, we sense the El as he wishes us to, we see the Troutwines and their home in the most painfully clear detail, we absorb the externals exactly as Mr. Kantor hopes we will—but when it is all over and done with we wish that there had been something more. "El Goes South" is brilliant but shallow.

Yet it is worth reading for its frigid comment upon our urban masses. It is a mirror to a great deal of America—a cheap-feeling, cheap-thinking America that fills the El, the subway, the surface cars (it makes no difference where they swarm), buys the luxuries that made possible our temporarily vanished prosperity, and produces nothing more vital than radio salesmen, beauty counsellors, or department store claim adjusters. Such is the model for the Troutwines: ignorant, vague, useless. All they knew was that each morning, summer and winter, they piled on the southbound El, fairly content only because they never speculated what it was all about. Mr. Kantor dissects with unwinking intentness a social class that his surgeon's skill cannot make artistically important.

There is raw material for high drama in the plot, but it is never shaped or realized. The central notion is intrinsically dramatic (a youngish stepmother brought into a resisting family of grown children), and we wince at Mr. Kantor's cavalier dismissal of its potentialities. Eventually he wished his book to be only a photographic, stenographic report of third-class manner and morals—nothing else. Surely, he must have been relentless in his exclusion of pity and understanding.

Two years ago, Mr. Kantor's first novel, "Diversey," was much more satisfactory; we remember it warmly. "El Goes South" seems to have been an injudicious experiment rather than a novel well rooted in life.

Canada Dry

By M-rl-y C-ll-gh-n

I. APPLES AND CIDER

MRS. TERRY MARLIN'S husband had left her. She was all alone in the second-rate hotel where they had a room. It was rather a large room, because it was an old hotel, the kind they used to build before they built hotels with smaller rooms. It had an old fashioned suite of furniture, walnut with shiny panels on the bed-posts and on the fronts of the bureau drawers. There was a picture of Henry Clay addressing the Senate on the wall over the mantelpiece. It was a steel engraving, very dark and dismal looking.

Mrs. Marlin was a little woman, rather plump, with faded blonde hair. She was about forty and had three false teeth. Her nose was on the front of her face and she was not a very good speller. She often misspelled easy words like "bucket" and "transformation." That made her unpopular with the hotel manager. He used to come up every evening and knock at her door. When she opened it, he would make faces at her and then go away. She felt this was no way to treat a lady, but, as it was already late in October, she did not complain.

There was a young man in the house, who looked like his mother. She had died in Greece long ago. He was not very tall, but wore gray clothes. They were always nicely pressed and Mrs. Marlin paid her rent regularly. All this happened on a Friday. The next day was Saturday.

When the porter came along the hall carrying a trunk for a new arrival, Mrs. Marlin was combing her hair. The porter cursed the trunk because it was so heavy. The papers next day said it was the coldest weather ever known in Saskatchewan, but Mrs. Marlin had a sore foot and could not go to church.

The young man's name was Orestes, although the strawberry season was over. He was a very taciturn young man, especially when he was not talking. Mrs. Marlin had often noticed that he looked at her strangely, but she thought it was because he was cross-eyed.

That summer passed very slowly. Every day was twenty-four hours long and quite wide. Also there were two china dogs on Mrs. Marlin's mantelpiece and four fellows stood underneath a lamp post at the corner singing "Carry Me Back to Old South Dakota." One of them had a good voice. The others wore straw hats. Mrs. Marlin's first name was Maybelle, and she often combed her hair.

On the second Friday after New Years Mrs. Marlin pressed the button of the elevator on the sixth floor. It was loose. She sewed it on. The elevator stopped at the fourth floor. "Going down" said Orestes and a stout drummer from Duluth got in. Mrs. Marlin did not see him.

II. FAREWELL TO SPRING

Charles Glump came to Canada from England and got a job on a Toronto newspaper. He had a brother in Jerusalem who was taller than he was, but not so cold. Charles had a smallish face, the kind of face that made you think of the long winter evenings. He got twenty dollars a week and had a room in a brick house painted brown on Mutual Street. On Converse Street it was painted red, on Yonge Street purple, and so on from street to street. He bought a gray fedora and a pair of brown shoes. He wore one of them on his left foot.

After two years in Toronto, he remained there. He wanted to be a summer snow-shoveller, but competition was too brisk, so he ate most of his meals at certain restaurants. The others he ate at other restaurants.

Shortly before his arrival in Toronto, an old gentleman named MacFarlane had died, leaving a large fortune made in the rubber stretching business. But Charles never heard of him, so that mounted to nothing.

Some of the boys at the office used to kid him about the Versailles Treaty. One day in early December one of the boys named Boffin was especially humorous at Charles's expense.

"Once an Irishman, always an Irishman," said Boffin with a smile.

Charles did not know what to say, so he grinned. After that he spent most of his Sundays in bed.

There was a shop in Yonge Street where they sold fried fish and hatchets. But it was not a very large shop, and, as it reminded Charles of his father, he never went near it. In fact, it was only after a hard day's work that he felt able to tell Empringham just how he felt about it. At such times he felt very friendly toward Hepplewhite.

"Entwhistle," he would say, "there is more in this than meets the eye."

Boffin had many friends and a large family. His sister had married a Montreal druggest and was often away from home. Not many of her friends could say the same. Most of them said different. But Boffin was obdurate. He said earnestly that whatever excuse there might be for flat feet, Canada must remain a part of the empire.

Charles was convinced that Boffin had no more right to it than he had. It made him sore. He resigned his position on the paper. Barlow, the city editor, said nothing, but the story got about and Thompson had to leave town.

III. PAYING THE PIPER

Bassett Murphy had big hands. He had been intended for a school teacher, but it snowed so hard that winter that the old folks got restless. There was no reason why they should feel the way they did about it. There were plenty of other people in Toronto. There was a young Jew from New York at the Gaiety, a dancer, who wore gray trousers, but that didn't help much.

Bassett's father had white hands and a gold watch that had been given him on his twenty-first birthday by his Aunt Norah, who lived in Montreal. He was a chess expert and had long nourished an ambition to be elected coroner. Bassett borrowed ten dollars from him and went north. His mother had on her best silk dress.

At North Bay, he got off the train and ate a roast beef sandwich with lots of gravy in a Greek restaurant. The Greek's wife had a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, but did her washing standing up.

Bassett winked at the Greek and said "Pretty cold, eh?"

"Sure Mike! Every hour on the hour," the Greek said.

Walking along the street, he saw a lot of houses. He was disappointed, so he got a room in one of the houses. Three days later there was a railroad accident in Manitoba and snow on Pike's Peak.

Bassett went back home. His father was busy with his postage-stamps, but his mother was glad it was no worse. With that, all pretense was abandoned and Bassett called on the people next door. Their name was Carboy.

Mildred Carboy was a nice girl. She was out when Bassett called.

He got a job on a Toronto paper. There he met Morley Callaghan. They used to take long walks together.

"You ought to write stories for the American magazines," said Morley.

"Stories?"

"Yes, stories."

"For the American magazines?"

"Yes, for the American magazines. They aren't hard to do. You just pick out somebody you know, like me, for instance, and describe him. Tell all about his clothes and his family and what he does. It doesn't matter what he does, just so you tell all about it and how many panes of glass are in his bed room window and whether he wears a gray fedora. Your man doesn't really have to do anything at all. The story doesn't have to have any beginning or any end, and there's nothing particular in the middle. When you've written enough you just stop. Then the critics say 'He has great restraint, a fine economy of means. It's the things he leaves out that make him important.'"

"Then the more you leave out the more important you are?"

"Sure."

"Then I'm the most important of all. I leave out everything."

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

The Old and the New

TRADITION AND EXPERIMENT IN PRESENT-DAY LITERATURE: The Novel: R. H. Mottram, J. D. Beresford; Poetry: Edmund Blunden, Edith Sitwell; Biography: A. J. Symonds, Osbert Burdett; The Theatre: Ashley Dukes, C. K. Munro: Criticism, Rebecca West, T. S. Eliot. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THIS symposium on contemporary English literature is made up of ten lectures by as many prominent young writers delivered at the City Literary Institute, London. Generally of thoughtful and penetrative quality, these addresses after all hardly reach the desired form of a debate. Indeed the word "experiment" naturally throws the lecturers into a certain vagueness as to their fields. Obviously any tradition keeps alive only through incessant experiment within that tradition itself. Such experiment is not easy to distinguish from that which lies beyond or outside of the tradition. Most revolutionary experimenters profess that they are only fulfilling some tradition or another. It would have clarified this discussion to use the terms Evolution and Revolution, or to borrow Irving Babbitt's distinction between Modern and Modernistic.

As it is, there is really surprisingly little clash of opinion, merely a turning over ingeniously of what the several contributors regard as traditional or experimental. Over the novel, for example, Mr. Mottram and Mr. Beresford have disappointingly little quarrel. Mr. Beresford's experimenters are chiefly Samuel Richardson and H. G. Wells. He reaches his real theme only with James Joyce and Dorothy Richardson, in the stream-of-consciousness novel. His final advice to the author is, in the absence of any coherent public taste, to go it severely alone.

Biography again fails to provide a duel. Mr. Symons and Mr. Burdett agree perfectly in the belief that there either is no tradition of English biography, or if tradition there be, it is negligible. Both abhor the chronological method and the two-volume memoir of commerce. Mr. Symons admires Mr. Strachey, Mr. Burdett differs —much sensible observation, but no clash of minds.

Again, on criticism, Rebecca West and T. S. Eliot disappointingly fail to contradict each other. Miss West, at least, takes her subject of tradition seriously by presenting a brief survey of critical views from Aristotle to Walter Pater. Mr. Eliot, in a characteristically neat and lucid essay, pleads for a "logical and dialectical study of the terms used," and in this connection lauds Irving Babbitt. In criticism apparently we have reached a state where only by assiduous experiment shall we know what we mean when we write. Mr. Eliot also proposes an extension of the old esthetic criticism whereby, without ignoring the art in books, we should follow widely their implications in individual and social psychology. He concludes: "What I hope for is the collaboration of critics of various special training, and perhaps the pooling and sorting of their contributions by men who will be neither specialists nor amateurs." Evidently no traditionalist will discountenance this sort of experiment.

We come nearer to contention when Mr. Blunden and Miss Sitwell discuss poetry. Mr. Blunden is urbane, but he sticks to poetry being pretty widely understandable and composed according to the prosody that begins with Chaucer. Miss Sitwell wants rather the widest and most personal expression, regardless of being understood, and applauds the incessant research for new cadences. Her analogy of the newer prosody is minute and masterly, and will be read with profit irrespective of one's likings and dislikings. It is at once the most informational and the most brilliant of these ten essays.

The desiderated fight fairly comes off in the brace of essays on the theatre. Mr. Dukes stands pat on a fable or action, on unities of a sort, and regrets the divorce between the drama and poetry. Mr. Munro is for any sort of short range and vivid contact between the emotions of public and author as ideated in the play, or rather for a mutual blending of unconsciousnesses over the curb where the footlights used to be. He rather defines the aims of the new expressionism than makes good its claim to esthetic validity. He is of all his fellow contributors the most convinced experimenter, in the probable meaning of the title of this book, believing that one experiment is as good as another and even more so. It is a position which even the most Erastian traditionalist can hardly accept.

Though it measurably fails of its aim to balance the old with the new, this book is rich in stimulating suggestions and points of view. A college senior, or for that matter any thoughtful reader in arrears of current discussion, will find in it whereupon to sharpen his critical teeth.

A Lyric March

FIFTEEN LYRICS. By JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH. New York: The Fountain Press. 1929.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT appears that Joseph Moncure March is a problem to his appraisers. When "The Wild Party" first appeared with its mingling of sex and syncopation, March was put down as a specialist in pornography. It was followed by "The Set-Up" in which, for all its brutality, there was no "love interest," not as much as a syllable of sex. Whereupon most of the critics concluded that March was an accomplished narrator, an expert in sporting argot, a rapid catch-as-catch-can versifier, but never a poet. And now, chastely presented in a limited edition printed at The Harbor Press and distributed by Random House, come fifteen lyrics which will call for still another appraisal.

It will be difficult for the most devious analyst to trace a relation between this and March's preceding volumes. In tone, idiom, and subject-matter there is not an accent in common. Readers who recall the brusque rhymes and sledge-hammer rhythms of the two long poems will scarcely recognize the author who quietly announces:

Last night a thin wind
Snuffed at my palms,
And whined like a beggar
Asking for alms.

So I took out and tossed him
An old letter
Which he carried off,
And we both felt better.

Here are none of the crashes, curses, and shoutings which we were assured were March's métier. The statements, while fantastic, are simply registered, the tone is almost *sotto voce*. A shift of balance and an occasional understatement suggest Frost, who was at Amherst when March was there as an undergraduate; but the resemblance is fleeting and the indebtedness too remote to fix. Such a lyric as the following establishes itself without a hint of derivation.

ROCK

Who has a key that can unlock
The awful mystery of rock?

My body creeps, my blood runs chill
Before a thing so cold and still:

A thing that holds the air of doom
Whether in statue, cliff, or tomb:

That views my world of mind and sense
With horrible indifference.

I have a feeling it is good
Rock cannot speak of what it would.

Such a condensation is typical of the hitherto unknown March. It is lyrics in the low key of the two quoted that should make us wary of predicting anything with quick certainty. Only their author—if even he—knows what his future may be.

The Good, Gray Knight

MARSE ROBERT: KNIGHT OF THE CONFEDERACY. By JAMES C. YOUNG. New York: Rae D. Henkle Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY
Dartmouth College

MILITARY biographies are frequently unsatisfactory. When written by soldiers, political factors are apt to be underestimated or even overlooked, and when written by civilians there is often insufficient appreciation or understanding of strategy and tactics. When in addition to either shortcoming, a well-grounded historical knowledge of the period is lacking, the book is likely to be of very limited value. Such is the case with "Marse Robert."

Mr. Young is moderately successful in discussing the personal life of General Lee, although it is occasionally difficult to discern where fact leaves off and fancy begins, but when he ventures into political and military affairs, he sometimes gets beyond his depth. Many of his blunders could have been avoided by a more careful study of some of the sources listed in his bibliography.

"Where," he asks, "was the statesman of financial genius to capitalize this [slave] property and 'retire' it by amortization—in the modern manner? What simpler device than to issue bonds for $2,000,000,000, buy the property, and 'retire' it?" Such a device sounds simple enough now, but it was not so simple on the eve of the Civil War. A resolution for an inquiry into the feasibility of gradual, compensated emancipation of slaves in the border states was offered in the House of Representatives early in 1861, but it got nowhere. A similar proposal made by Lincoln to the loyal border states in the spring of 1862 was flatly rejected. What chance was there then that the cotton states would have accepted such a solution of the slavery problem? Again, one is curious to know what evidence Mr. Young has to support this assertion: "Indirectly, of course, the [Emancipation] Proclamation was intended to arouse a slave rebellion." The charge was commonly made in the South and in England late in 1862 that this was the motive behind Lincoln's action, but, so far as this reviewer is aware, there is no evidence to support it.

The author seems to think that the task of the federal government in putting an army in the field was a relatively easy one, and that it was only the Confederacy that encountered serious difficulties. He is much mistaken. The technical and industrial organization of the North was by no means "ready to fabricate the means of war." If it had been there would not have been such appalling shortages in almost all kinds of equipment throughout 1861, and there would have been no need for scouring the European markets. McDowell's delays on the march to Manassas in July were not due to excessive caution or a desire to tarry, as Mr. Young suggests: they were the almost inevitable result of leading an army of poorly trained miliatiamen who were in many instances short of equipment and supported by insufficient and inefficient transportation. It was anything but an "army of invasion . . . trained and equipped to the last buckle and shoe lace." This the records clearly show.

In dealing with Lee's military services the author falls short in several places, apparently because of a deficient understanding of the general's strategy—at least he has not indicated to the reader the strategy involved. In referring to Jackson's movement down the Shenandoah Valley in the spring of 1862 when McClellan in the peninsula was threatening the forces before Richmond, Mr. Young says: "Jackson, the restless man, cannot stand idly by while the masses of war are clashing elsewhere. No one threatens to attack him. He will attack on his own account — no matter whom." The author mentions the result of the movement, but apparently does not realize that Jackson's raid was ordered for the specific purpose of threatening Harper's Ferry and Washington in such a way that Union forces would be diverted from McClellan. The same piece of strategy was repeated in 1864 when Grant was in the peninsula. In this instance General Early's raid down the Shenandoah is cited as an example of Lee's "confidence" in holding Grant, rather than as an attempt again to divert Union forces from the army pressing upon Richmond. Nor does Mr. Young seem to appreciate Grant's strategy. To assert that his "theory of war had been to concentrate force upon force until the enemy gave way" is to overlook or ignore some of the ablest strategy of the war. The statement that "Grant lost an army the size of Lee's to reach the battlefield that McClellan gained in '62 with the loss of a few thousand" will hardly stand the test of a careful analysis of the losses of 1862 and 1864.

That Lee was a great soldier and embodied the best of the Virginia tradition few will deny. He needs neither an apologist nor a eulogist and would not have cared for either. His life and actions were guided by a strict sense of duty and high principles and by any test will be found worthy. His correspondence is a finer testimonial as to his character and sincerity of thought and purpose than any biography can ever be.

Mr. Young presents Lee as a grave, reserved man, never given to gaiety; he inherited none of the hard-riding, hard-drinking characteristics of his famous father, but withal he was a very human person. He loved the beauties of nature and fairly melted into tenderness in the presence of children. In triumph and in travail he held the fervent devotion of his ragged soldiers, as long as Southerners cherish the memory of the "Lost Cause," the "good, gray knight" will be esteemed as the personification of it.

Whether General Lee deserves to be ranked with the greatest of modern generals is nowadays a disputed question. Mr. Young seems to think his place quite secure (and he is in very good company in thinking so), but he very fairly presents some of the adverse testimony. Most interesting and significant is the judgment of the general's faithful military aide, written a few years after the war:

> If it shall be the verdict of posterity that General Lee in any respect fell short of perfection as a military leader, it may perhaps be claimed: first that he was too careful of the personal feelings of his subordinate commanders, too fearful of wounding their pride, and too solicitous for their reputation. . . . In the next place it may be said that he was too law-abiding, too subordinate to his superiors in civil authority. . . .

Many will find "Marse Robert" pleasant reading, and the student will find in it some new material, but in the main he will do well to rely upon the biographies of Maurice and Bradford until a more inclusive one appears.

A War Anthology

ARMAGEDDON, The World War In Literature. Edited by EUGENE LOHRKE. Cape-Smith. 1930. $5.

RECOGNIZING that the beginning of the second decade after the war has witnessed an extraordinary revival of popular interest in war stories, and with the demand an extraordinary rush of amateur and professional talent to supply it, Mr. Löhrke has brought together an eight hundred page anthology of war literature, and the publishers have done with it, as anthologies demand, a creditable job of bookmaking. Whether the present is just the right time for such an anthology it is idle to discuss: there is evidence that the war literature business has been overdone and that the public is lapsing again into the indifference which marked its attitude towards warlike matters for nearly a decade after the Armistice. Probably, however, Mr. Löhrke has done as good a job of anthology making as is possible at this time. The arrangement is orderly and intelligent, and while each reader will doubtless have his own idea as to what selections he himself would have chosen or rejected or substituted, the editor has at any rate managed to combine a fairly high standard of literature with consistency as to his scheme of arrangement.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EDMUND BLUNDEN'S latest book, "Near and Far" (Harpers), has just come to our desk. It is, he says, the product of the last two years though the Japanese pieces are reprinted from a previous limited edition. Several other items have already appeared in English journals. The opening poem, "The Geographer's Glory, or, The Globe in 1730," is wholly delightful and wholly original: the droning schoolmaster turned the unwitting fantastic poet. The "Japanese Garland" that follows is richly and beautifully descriptive, and "The Author's Last Words to His Students" is moving. A section entitled "Moods, Conjectures, and Fancies" makes up the rest of the book. If there is no one poem in it that profoundly impresses there are many lovely. There is always lovely language. The shadow, the still burning shadow of the late Great War is over several poems. The opening poem of the section, "Familiarity," has a last verse we shall long remember. It is a haunting poem. "The Kiln," "Correlation," "Autumn in the Weald" are true Blunden. Though the poet speaks of knowing isolation, in another poem, he leans on faith in the first apprehensions of natural immortality. In "Report on Experience" he ends the tale of his disillusionments with

Say what you will, our God sees how they run.
These disillusions are His curious proving
That He loves humanity and will go on loving;
Over there are faith, life, virtue in the sun.

Blunden has chosen, as the last line of his last poem says, "This sprig of green, in which an angel shows." It remains only to be said that "A Connoisseur" is such another quaint device as the first-mentioned "Geographer's Glory."

Through the courtesy of Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood we have received "To the Little Princess: An Epistle," by Ella Young, printed beautifully in San Francisco by Johnck & Seeger. The decorations of the title page, of the flyleaves, and of the initials scattered through the book are in three tints. The artist is Lawrence A. Patterson, and he has given the dress of the book a special delicate charm. The volume was designed by John Julius Johnck and is dedicated by Miss Young to "The Little Princess Whom No Person Pleases." Miss Young is an Irish poet whom we originally met in the New Canaan home of Padraic and Mary Colum. In telling Irish legends round the evening fire she acquired, to our eyes, the expression of a visitor from the veritable land of myth. Indubitably she bears the stigmata of the true poet. She seemed almost strayed from the province of the Sidhe. She is of ancientry, not of this land or of this time. Shortly after we met her she journeyed across the continent to California, where she has resided for some while. The present small book is no indication of the depth of her spiritual insight. The verses are light and delicate. The poet presents to the little Princess a series of masks of dream, the Silver Mask, the Mask of Gold, the Mask Toothed with Jacinth, the Mask of White Jade, the Mask with Closed Lids. Word and phrase are sometimes mere traditional coin, but there is an ingenuousness in the rhymed gift that makes it appealing.

Morn is a petal blown
From the Rose of Day
Like airy thistledown
It floats away.

This evanescence is captured, a fairy-story book reopened for young eyes; The Silver Mask incidentally celebrates "the flower and flame of chivalry," the "Mask of Gold" is drenched in far-Eastern color, the "Mask Toothed with Jacinth" carries on the fantasy, visioning also the North, "where the frost bites bitterly."

The sea breaks there
Stark-toothed.
Breaks with laughter and tears
A sound that is doom in the ears
Like the witch-queen's song,
For there long since with a song she drew
With a single glittering thread of hair
Behemoth the hot seas knew
Orcus and tusked narwhales
Dragons with emerald scales
Blind dragons without eyes
And fishes pied with rose and blue
Finned fish like butterflies.

The manner of Miss Young's punctuation, or rather lack of it, almost convinces us. She does not employ an altogether consistent scheme, but she is most economical even of the comma. As a matter of fact, in the extract above, the inevitable pause at the end of each line makes commas a superfluity. Their omission is only caught by the eye accustomed to proofreading. They are not missed by the eye of the lover of poetry. Neither, we think, would their presence greatly intrude, but in general we are distinctly in favor of little rather than much punctuation in poetry. Of course, punctuation has become such a long-established convention that the reader really takes hardly any notice of it save when it is badly handled. Its injunctions operate mechanically and subconsciously. We do not know, actually, to what degree the presence of a semicolon, a colon, or (to return) a comma affects our reading of a sentence to ourselves. Even when people are reading aloud and you happen to lean rudely over their shoulder, how many can tell the difference in the pause given to a comma, a semicolon, a dash? Does anybody ever, either reading to himself or reading aloud, stop to count to himself—as it were—"One, two—!"

With poetry there is, as we say, an inevitable pause between the end of one line and the beginning of the next, inevitable no matter how brief, if the rhythm is to be preserved. The old metres have sustained the charge of monotony, since these pauses occur at regular intervals, though we forget that inside each line there may be pauses so dispensed as entirely to rearrange the pattern. And so-called free-verse can, of course, become quite as monotonous. Flexible as it may seem upon the surface it is one of the most difficult media in which to keep the utterance truly flowing. Coventry Patmore's catalectic verse, uneven in line, but with rhyme to lend incisiveness, seems to us usually more easily effective. As wielded by a great poet like Francis Thompson it has sustained inspiration through long exordiums. Of course any rhythmic vehicle when filled with enough feeling and fire becomes pliable to expression. And a great deal of rot has been talked about the wedding of metre and matter. The mood finds its own form. It does not elect it consciously. A certain statement or exclamation is just so long in syllables and initiates a rhythm, which may continue regular or may branch into variety as the mood is sustained or changes. One index of the haste and impatience of our time is the fear of monotony in regular metres. When you are reading great poetry written in regular metres the mind is occupied not by the insistent beat but by the force of what is said and the ocular visitation.

The Troubadour Press of San Diego, California, has brought out in paper covers a limited edition of poems by W. W. Robinson, entitled "Urgent Shapes." The general effect upon the mind of Mr. Robinson's free-verse rhythms is of jerkiness, of a spasmodic talker. This is one modern manner. The poems do not sing, they state abruptly. And even in brevity they can achieve monotony. Take, for example, one of the best, "Shore-Bound,"—and it may be said, by one knows the California coast, that Mr. Robinson manages to convey, though in a minor way, its atmosphere.

Like the turn
of a walrus tusk
Curves my cove,
fresh swept by tides of night,
Where on big-bellied mornings
I walk the yellow grain
into winds carrying ice
and eternal salt
of blown seas—
While in the sky the giant kine
swing dark udders to the east,
Rolling, heaving,
Full of purple rain,
And by my side a cold wave
whips the green to white—
Like the turn of a tusk
lies my tawny cove.

We do not see any consistency in Mr. Robinson's method of capitalization in most of his poems. He gives us printed pictures of New Mexico and California, but no enduring imprint. And he can write extremely badly, as in "Shiprock":

To take and tame this region
Ute Peak sent a legion,
A long eon ago,
Of men named Navajo.

This is worse than childish. Having just finished La Farge's "Laughing Boy" we marvel at the utter ineptitude of such verse in the face of the glowing poetry of some of La Farge's prose. The "nation named Navaja" have had elsewhere their interpreter.

We will end with an anthology, "Songs of Science," chosen by Virginia Shortridge and published by the Marshall Jones Company at 212 Summer Street, Boston, the price being three dollars and a half. The frontispiece is perfectly terrible. The book is rather a strange mixture of things, and when Miss Shortridge says in her introduction, "So I take it that no true scientist can escape being a poet, for all wisdom flows in waves," she is somewhat beyond us. We cannot take it that way at all. It is too vague a statement. But, even though the book contains some plainly bad inclusions, we are thankful for such splendidly authentic things as Frank Ernest Hill's flying poems, and for such an excellent poem as the one of Frances Cornford's entitled "A Fragment of Empedocles," which we had missed from out her work, even though it is work of which we are particularly fond.

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UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POEMS. University of Southern California Semicentennial Publications. 1930. $1.25.

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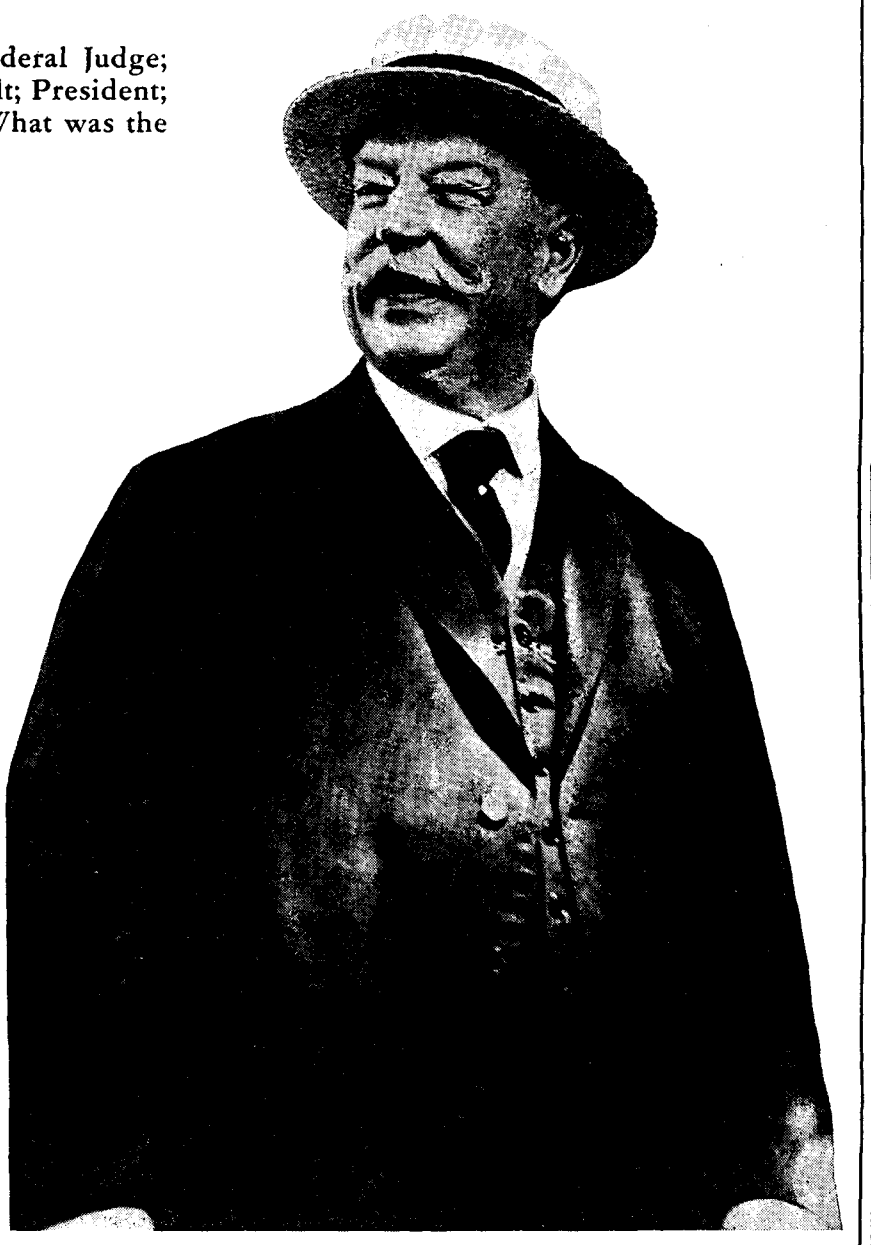

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Foreign Literature

Soviet Russia

RUSSIE. By HENRI BARBUSSE. Paris: E. Flammarion. 1930.

Reviewed by A. M. NIKOLAIEFF

THE attitude toward Soviet Russia of the author of "Under Fire" ("Le Feu"), that book, which, up to the appearance of Remarque's book, was the most realistic and unforgetable picture of modern war, is well known. He is in great sympathy with "the enormous and unparalleled experiment" to which the citizens of the Workers' and Peasants' State have been subject for the past twelve years. In keeping with that attitude his new book is an enthusiastic eulogy of the new order of things in Russia, which, he hopes, eventually will be established in all Europe. At present a "struggle for life" is going on between the two "antagonistic parties into which humanity is divided . . . those who are exploited and those who exploit."

Although the only way, according to the author, of forming the right opinion about "the stupendous effort accomplished . . . under the sign of communism" is to study scrupulously "the Soviet realities" and "exact facts and figures," his survey consists in the main of descriptions, observations, impressions, and general statements, and contains few statistics. In point of fact, some statistical data are to be found only with regard to the production of grain in Russia, the economic development and exploitation of the health resorts in the Crimea, and the positive results obtained by a partial introduction of the seven hours day in industry. But, as he quotes figures, he almost invariably adds that they will be doubled or trebled in a few years, thus showing that he himself does not feel bound to remain strictly within the field of concrete reality.

Mr. Barbusse's predictions of the great success with which the measures of the Soviet Government will be crowned may come true; one cannot help, however, being somewhat sceptical with regard to some of those measures, such for instance, as those for farm socialization, on which in March last a halt had to be called, by a special decree, in order to appease the peasants and avert a crisis. After that decree was issued many peasants quit the "collectives" (in the Moscow region the number of collectivized peasant holdings dropped forty per cent within twenty days). Furthermore, many observers of the present conditions in Russia will not concur with the author in his opinion that "the (Russian) crowd is the most happy one," that the "G. P. U. (Secret Soviet police) is liked," and that there exists complete freedom in the Workers' and Peasants' State.

The book under review, coming as a result of Mr. Barbusse's recent trip to Russia, is at the same time a description of places visited by him. The colorful pictures drawn by him of Nizhni Novgorod, of the Crimea which he compares with the Côte d'Azur, of the picturesque Black Sea shore in Southern Caucasus, as well as his impressions and observations, are of much interest.

One chapter attracts special attention, although it has no relation to the description of Russia and the new order of things in that land. It is devoted to a sweeping criticism of modern French literature, which is offered by the author in the form of an admonition and an advice to his "Soviet friends" in connection with a definition of the proletarian literature and an outline of its prospective tasks. "What good purpose is served," he asks, "by the great popularity enjoyed . . . by such writers as Marcel Proust, Giraudoux, Cocteau . . . They represent . . . a society which has reached the end of its destiny, of which every one of their books is the label—and the epitaph." Paul Morand, Gide, Claudel, and the "fossil" Paul Bourget are placed in the same class. All are "reactionaries" and "irreducible enemies" of the Soviet people. Even the Académie Française is but "a museum of living dead men nicknamed immortals." It is the proletarian literature, although at present it numbers "few writers" and is in "the period of cleansing, sounding . . . and searching," which "will renew the artistic life of humanity."

In this country a great deal of surprise will be caused by a remark of the author, for which an English publisher is given as authority, to the effect that "at present it is absolutely impossible to publish in the United States and in England a book on the U. S. S. R. which would not be hostile to that country." It is obvious from that remark that Mr. Barbusse ignores the fact that a rather long list of books, favorable to Soviet Russia, has been published for the last years in the United States as well as in England.

As M. Morand Sees Us

CHAMPIONS DU MONDE. By PAUL MORAND. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1930.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

AMERICA which has served M. Paul Morand in more ways than one recently, is again the background for his latest novel, and the four characters whose fortunes he traces in it are all Americans. At Columbia where, unexpectedly, his narrative begins, four friends and "college leaders" have formed an intimate sort of club, which they call "The Champions." The idea is the old and all-pervasive one of meeting from time to time in later years to see what each member has become; each will attempt to be the champion in his own field. With many shrewd sidelights on American life and character M. Morand then follows the four youths from New York, where all meet again after the war, to California, and of course eventually to Paris.

Only one becomes a literal champion, the heavyweight Jack Ram, who has a brief but extraordinary career during which he is the greatest boxer, married to the most beautiful girl in the world—an eminence so giddy that even the ingenious M. Morand can find no way out for him after his downfall save suicide. The talker of the group, on the other hand, Max Brodsky, passes through varied catastrophes, financial and domestic, without losing his Hebraic powers of reasoning about them. In the end he disappears into the mists of modern Russia, where some great post probably awaits him. More complicated is the case of Clarence Van Norden, born with too many advantages of wealth and protection by a doting mother who is far from willing to let her son strike out for himself. He reaches the obvious haven of dilettantism and residence in Europe over a rocky road involving the wives of his friends and the loss of his ambitions. Finally, most interesting and most complex of M. Morand's four specimens of the genus Americana is the statesman Ogden Webb.

Beginning as a relief worker in China (his career draws equally upon episodes in the lives of Hoover and Wilson) he advances through shrewd business methods applied to international questions to a point at which the settlement of Europe's affairs depends on him. The figure is a new one in fiction, and lightly as M. Morand has handled it, an admirably presented type.

Spanish Music

LA MUSICA CONTEMPORANEA EN ESPAÑA. By ADOLFO SALAZAR. Ediciones La Nave. 1930.

Reviewed by JENNIE BALLOU

IT is in music that we find the most significant form of expression in Spain today. Certainly, as an art, it is of greater international importance than Spain's literature. A Spanish writer Gallicized impairs his vitality, destroys his special *raison d'être;* and those few who are important, let us say, even necessary to the world, are those who have remained tenaciously national. In music, the most direct and articulate of the arts, the contrary is true. Only those composers who discovered the spirit of Spain in Paris have arrived at a universal appeal, and are accomplishing what Unamuno claims to be the mission of Spain: they are Hispanifying Europe.

It seems possible that we are going to experience another "Spanish blaze" such as Carl Van Vechten described in the winter of 1915-1916. Again La Argentina has danced here; Spanish music is coming on swift wings from Paris, and it is said that Falla is going to be with us in the winter. Quite recently Trend published his volume on Manuel de Falla, accentuating with his own appreciation as a foreigner the general accusation that the Spanish public refuses to take its own composers seriously. That all the music of Falla should have been published outside of Spain is an eternal blot on that country; and yet, with its incomparable genius for negating all things, both good and bad, as though it would demonstrate that nothing one may say about Spain can remain true, we have, paradoxically, from Spain itself, the most distinguished book that has been written on Spanish music. It is by Adolfo Salazar, composer and militant critic, who has devoted himself with that passionate seriousness so Spanish to the music of his country.

Bringing out in full relief the figure of Pedrell, who had guided his pupils away from the "slough" of church music and turned them back to their folk-dances, and who is the fundamental basis on which the composers of this generation are building their works, Señor Salazar gives us a full panaroma of Spanish music up to today. We are living at a time "singularly prosperous for Spanish music." He tells us the lives and artistic development of the already known Manuel de Falla, Isaac Albeniz, and Enrique Granados, and leads us into the more intimate paths of that music with which our own has such a marked kinship. (The rhythms of the Spanish folk-dance and of negro music—due, it is said, to the common African origin of the Moors and our negroes—the mutually strong tendency to syncopation in American and Spanish music, has been the subject of an interesting study.) We learn from this valuable little book to orientate ourselves as to those composers with whom we are sooner or later to grow familiar, to the Sevillian, Joaquin Turina, whose easy music "is an example of intuition and spontaneity which collaborates with great magical suggestion"; to Conrado del Campo, and to Oscar Espla. These are composers also nurtured in the teachings of Pedrell, and in the essence of Spain as revealed to the Spaniards by the French and the Russians; and, in the case of the last two, in the German tradition that had found a new resurgence in César Franck.

In the chapter on Nationalism and Regionalism, Señor Salazar pays tribute to the obscure and vital workers in the provinces without whom an Albeniz or a Falla would be "no more than a flower in the desert."

The name of Ernesto Halffter should be well retained in the memory of those who are interested in music. The chapter on that young composer is radiant with careful intuition and a sort of joy that Salazar seems to have caught from the sheer thought of the music of Halffter. "That quality of 'musical' music, of a sonorous beauty, enriched by an internal harmonic texture, nourished with all modern experiences, has always been a distinctive quality in the music of Halffter since his earliest beginnings." And the classic form which Halffter employs for his music "intrinsically modern," that lucidity which transcends the seeking of new forms, is perhaps the one lesson in art that Spain has to offer the world. Those who have penetrated and been troubled by the occult inflexibility of Falla will find in Halffter, his disciple, an exuberant answer of youth such as has appeared in no other artist of contemporary Spain.

Confessions of ZENO

ITALO SVEVO

Translated by BERYL DE ZOETE

Zeno is strange. Zeno is universal. He is unusual and altogether amusing. No such delightful mixture of insanity, gaucherie, hypochondria, indecision, and naiveté can be found in any other character in fiction. If one's failings make one human, then Zeno is doubly so. They dote on him in Europe, and no wonder. As Louis Kronenberger said in *The New York Times,* "But Zeno, unlike the great comic types of the classics, is a complex fellow, and accordingly a product of the modern world. Simple living is not for him...He is a fool who in his heart of hearts believes himself exceptionally clever...His wife drove him into the arms of his mistress, and in the arms of his mistress he was overcome with guilty love for his wife...He had the will power of a child turned loose in a candy store: for thirty years he was always smoking his last cigarette...a fascinating and living character... The work...has an individuality and originality you cannot escape noticing."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be received later.

Biography

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS. A Biography of Pioneer Ohio. By SISTER MONICA. Longmans, Green. 1930. $3.50.

In 1845 an English nun, Sister Ursula, arrived in the United States with eleven fellow Ursulines to begin educational and religious work in Ohio. The result was the founding the next year in the Southern part of the State of St. Ursula's Literary Institute, now well known as the School of Brown County Ursulines. The unwearying labors of Sister Ursula—she had been Julia Chatfield, daughter of a wealthy English officer of Hertfordshire—of Bishop John B. Purcell, and of various friendly priests, made the school strong and prosperous even before the Civil War. The presence of a considerable group of Boulogne nuns made it especially attractive to those who wished to learn French. Here at St. Martin's were educated the daughters, whether Catholic or Protestant, of William Tecumseh Sherman, General Rosecrans, General Denver, and other well-known men, and the future wife of Admiral Dewey. It is a school with traditions, atmosphere, and a long record of useful service. It has also been a centre of strength for the whole Ursuline Order in the United States. The nuns of New Orleans, of Alton, and other cities sent novices there to be trained; when the Ursulines of Charleston and Houston fell upon evil days they took shelter at St. Martin's till they could venture forth again.

This is the story which Sister Monica has told in a charming book, centering her attention upon Sister Ursula and the history of the school till 1880. She has had the happy idea of placing the growth of the seminary against the general background of Middle Western and Ohio history, and of showing how these Catholic seminarists were an integral part of the streams of emigration which flowed from Europe and the Eastern States into the old Northwest. She has captured the atmosphere of the 'forties well, while her account of the Civil War troubles, which were keenly felt by the Literary Institute because of its links with both North and South, is given with spirit and interest. At times the execution of her book falls somewhat below her conception; it is sometimes rather confused in arrangement, and the style is occasionally ornate at the expense of clarity. But the volume makes adroit use of the letters of the founder Sister Ursula, who was a woman of very unusual energy and ability, of the diary of one of the helpful priests, Père Gacon, of the writings of Bishop Purcell, and of newspaper materials. It is a valuable addition to the educational and religious history of this part of the West. A number of well-chosen illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book.

Fiction

TATTER'D LOVING. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.

There is a risk in writing even a short novel about one of those bland, exacting, possessive women about whom so many novels have lately been written; readers may feel that there is so much of that sort of thing in real life that they don't want to meet it in letters. But Miss Bottome writes with a smooth and fluent brilliance that keeps you reading about her Vera, no matter how much you wish you had never met her.

Vera, after all, was not such a terribly bad specimen of her type; she really loved her first husband's best friend; she gave up all for him and never let him forget it, but that is a human failing from which few of us are wholly exempt. She and Edward, to whom she had fled, agreed that William was a brute (though Edward in his private moments could not help thinking of William as a pretty good sort); and all in all she and Edward managed to live for love alone with fair success till Ariadne, her daughter, grew up and came to live with them.

The method that had worked so admirably on Edward, the only method Vera knew, she tried on Ariadne, when Ariadne wanted to marry Tom. But Ariadne belonged to the new generation, which, as we all know, or at least are informed, is made of sterner stuff; and Ariadne's prompt resolution not only won her own freedom but made matters easier for Edward, and William, too. A familiar tale? Perhaps, but it is admirably done; the minor characters are not only drawn with an utter sureness, but they are interesting in themselves—and likable in themselves, a rather rash departure in this acrid age. The book ought to be an excellent, if tantalizing, object lesson for young writers; it proves that you can make anything and anybody interesting if you know how.

SINNERS IN SUMMERTIME. By SIGURD HOEL. Translated from the Norwegian by ELIZABETH SPRIGGE and CLAUDE NAPIER. Coward-McCann. 1930. $1.50.

Despite the fly-paper title, this is a shrewd and amusing book, even if its wisdom is occasionally diluted by too much talk. No one ever felt less like sinners than the eight young Norwegians, four male and four female, who went to the coast for a summer holiday in which most of them had to do a good deal of work on the theses for their university degrees. Except for one pair already married (in the sight of God), they came down without any particular amorous intentions, but realizing that "we were sure to be landed in the sex complications which arise from propinquity. But we were not going to have any nonsense about it. All that sort of thing was futile and as such belonged to the last generation."

The perspicacious reader will discern at this point that all sorts of outbreaks of human nature through the shell of conscientious modernism are about to occur, but he will be pleasantly surprised by the deftness and wisdom with which Mr. Hoel handles them. "It has been stated," he observes, "that Norse problem fiction has its rise in the November fogs of Oslo. That is wrong. It is rather the November fogs which have arisen from the problem fiction." Well, no fog arises from this specimen, but only the conclusion that it is a satisfying thing to take a woman when you want her, and almost equally satisfying to beat the stuffing out of another man who wants her. The unlearned and doltish arrived at this opinion about a hundred thousand years ago, and have held it ever since; but every few centuries the intellectuals have to learn it all over again.

Mr. Hoel's book gaily explodes a good deal of bunk about sex, egoism, education, principles, and other popular topics; and incidentally furnishes confirmation of the account of contemporary Scandinavian ethics given in "Jerome; or the Latitude of Love."

Juvenile

NANCY'S LONE GIRL SCOUTS. By JEAN HENRY LARGE. Appleton. 1930. $1.50.

In this book, girls living in semi-isolation on Western ranches are organized into a group of Lone Girl Scouts, and their days are brightened accordingly. The story of how the organization was planned and accomplished, its effect on the lives of its members, together with interesting accounts of plant and animal study, and several anecdotes of adventures, is told by Nancy in letters to a schoolmate. The information is clear, and the enthusiasm emphatic but not too wordy. Nancy makes her letters carry a little beyond the limits of Girl Scout data by drawing simple distinctions of personality in her group of Lone members.

THE GOLD BUG and Other Tales and Poems. By EDGAR ALLAN POE. Pictures by CARLOS SANCHEZ. Macmillan Co. 1930. $1.75.

An adequate selection of Poe's tales and poems, illustrated by phantasmagoric figures clad in the costumes of Poe's own 'forties. The choice of material is representative, but the chief excuse for the book is the interesting illustrative decoration.

TWO MINUTE TALES. By CARL S. PATTON. Willet, Clark & Colby. 1930. $1.25.

If one should read this excellent little collection of stories through at a sitting, the impression would indeed be one of surfeit. Too many good points made, too much suggestive inspiration to be applied to the reader's or the auditor's own conduct of life. But taken one or two at a time, used where needed and as they might be found relevant or stimulating, these stories form an interesting and valuable collection, short, simple, and to the point. Some are from the careers of well-known people; more are incidents from the lives of, say, Everyman in his usual circumstances. The tone is frankly inspirational, but no story is without interest in itself.

War

WAR IS WAR. By EX-PRIVATE X. Dutton. 1930. $2.50.

The author of "War is War," who conceals his identity, is a well-educated man, a writer of short stories by profession, who went through the war practically from beginning to end as a private soldier in the British Army, somehow surviving the slaughter which took heavy toll of his companions. His type, as frankly revealed by himself, is familiar to any one who served in any of the armies—a rather pathetic, often humorous, and wholly admirable type. "Ex-Private X" was a congenitally inefficient soldier; probably (though he doesn't say so) he was incapable even of keeping in step on a route march. Hating, though not actively rebelling against, army life and discipline, he was always in a peck of minor troubles, the despair of the conscientious N.C.O., and the constant source of private mirth to the good-natured officer. Consequently he lived and miraculously failed to die as a private, never gaining, or making any serious effort to gain, the commission which normally would have come to a man of his class and education. As an inefficient private he doggedly stuck it out, his charmed life causing him to see ten times more of the general unpleasantness than fell to the lot of most men.

Being a much better writer than he ever was a soldier, "Ex-Private X" has been able to set down here an exceptionally true, vivid, and well-balanced account of what sort of an experience the war was from the point of view of the private soldier. One notes that R. C. Sherriff, of "Journey's End," describes the volume as "the English 'All Quiet'," and except for the omission of the more gratuitous bestialities of the German book, the description is well-deserved.

A quotation better than anything else gives an idea of the temper of the volume:

> An officer's job was a damned hard one. I didn't realize it then as I do now. How to be decent and human to the men, and at the same time keep an iron hand on them, must have been the devil of a problem. A lot of fun has been poked at the Temporary Gentleman, but the fellows who came from shops and offices, with little education and less tradition, did their job somehow and did it well. I hated being jiggered about (we used a slightly different phrase) by people that I considered my inferiors (I don't mean our first batch of officers), but I who was a private, and a bad one at that, freely own that it was the British subaltern who won the war.

THREE MEN'S WAR. By R. H. MORTRAM, JOHN EASTON, and ERIC PARTRIDGE. Harpers. 1930. $3.

The three men whose recollections fill this volume make an unusual and probably a valuable contribution to the literature of the war. "Three Men's War" is as much fact as it humanly can be, considering that it is written more than ten years after the Armistice. There is apparently no window dressing, no exaggeration to support a thesis—merely a straightforward account of what actually did happen to these three men. Naturally editorializing occurs: a bare statement of events without comment would have seemed artificial and dull; opinion and interpretation were necessary to recreate properly their experiences. But as the volume stands, it is something apart from the work of, say, Mr. Sherriff or Herr Remarque; it is not better, not truer, but it is usefully supplementary.

Mr. Mottram, as we might expect, does the best job. He is clearer-headed than the others, and he had the benefit of a more illuminating experience. After a period in the trenches, he was put to work settling disputes between the civilians of the occupied areas and the military; altogether, his vision is the keenest and his perspective the sanest. Mr. Easton writes in the third person (as does Mr. Partridge) and manages to convey vigorously the emotional as well as the physical truths. His writing is the most agreeable of the three, and his "personal record" has the bite of good fiction. Mr. Partridge is often disturbingly ingenuous, but his information is always clear, and he had the advantage (for us) of seeing the Gallipoli campaign.

From reading these reminiscences we get more fresh facts, more new ideas about the war than we have succeeded in getting from any three novels. The general reader will be well rewarded for taking the time to follow the three men through their fighting days. The volume is worthy of being put alongside the other honest war books, and perhaps more than many of those others, it will throw cold water on the imagined satisfactions of soldiering.

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Points of View

Facsimile Texts

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The guarded enthusiasm and luke warm admiration for the Facsimile Text Society, expressed by The Compleat Collector in the *Saturday Review* of August 2nd, suggests to me that the writer is neither fully aware of the real significance of the purpose of the society, nor more than moderately appreciative of the work that has already been done. To the one who finds his life among old books—not merely in collecting them, but in actually using them, the Facsimile Text Society promises to extend a service of inestimable worth, and it is far from exaggeration to say that this service is one of the most specific and signal contributions to the scholar's needs that recent generations have made. It would be unfair to expect the Text Society to reach its fullest development in the year of its birth; but those who are acquainted with its steady and normal growth, are not deluded in the anticipation of its early ability to supply annually the body of Ameriacn scholars with scores of long-wanted books which hitherto have been practically unattainable.

When G. M. T. remarks that "the present volumes are not wholly satisfactory—the pages have the appearance of washed out blurring that probably cannot be avoided," he is making an undeserved criticism of the method by which the facsimiles are made; for, had he taken the pains to examine the originals, he would have found without exception that the copies are as clear and distinct as the old texts, and that one of the reproductions is even a marked improvement. To the collector, the legibility of a manuscript or printed text is not of the first importance, but to the student who finds it necessary to read the piece, the heavy black letter on the fresh white paper will present a definite advantage over the yellow pages and faded type of the originals.

Although The Compleat Collector comments favorably on the bibliographical notes which preface two of the Facsimile Texts, he deals most ungraciously with that signed F. A. P., "that says nothing," and thereby shows that his conception of the bibliographical note is not exactly sound. The Facsimile Texts are not annotated editions of the old books, but facsimiles of particular texts, and consequently do not require more than a brief statement of the specific text from which the copy is made. In this there is no intention of minimizing the importance or interest of Professor Hebel's note, nor that of Professor Rusk, but only the suggestion that F. A. P. has said all that the scholar interested in the book would consider necessary. Interpretation and annotation are the work for editors, and it is to be expected that this work will follow now that the texts have been placed in the hands of persons of critical and editorial competence.

"The experiment deserves to be encouraged"—and heartily encouraged by G. M. T. and all other "Compleat Collectors."

New York City. C. M. COFFIN.

Reversing Themselves

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

A reviewer was speaking some time ago in your column of "The Gourmet's Almanac" as a book of recipes which includes many quaint old "receipts," the latter word in quotation marks. People are slow in getting the news that the latest wrinkle in the dictionaries is that the most correct form is to say "recipes" for medicine but "receipts" for cooking.

This business of cases where the dictionaries reverse themselves is an interesting one. Take the noun "rise." The dictionaries used to say it must be pronounced not like the verb, but like "rice." Now they are telling us not only that the noun is pronounced like the verb, but that nothing else was ever permissible; that everybody who pronounced the noun as the dictionaries told him to in my boyhood was thereby pronouncing it positively wrong.

Or "sovereign." The dictionaries all used to say it was three syllables, and they fooled the Simplified Spelling Board into simplifying its spelling on that basis, until the Oxford Dictionary got down to words beginning with S and discovered what everybody who used the word had always known in practice, that it is two syllables and never more than two.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Wale, Mass.

Riding Nowhere

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

MR. PORTER GARNETT, whose brief remark appears in the *Review* of August 9, has the gift of saying much in one small, hot sentence. I wish he had made it clear, though, just which samples of *Homo Sapiens* are meant by the term "mechanist." If he refers to those who would pack us all, neatly labeled and indexed and mentally gelded, into a deadly collectivism of machine culture, my hat is off to Mr. Garnett. If he is using the word "mechanist" loosely, as many unfortunately do, to include behaviorists and other realists, it's my coat that comes off. I hasten to add that by "realist" I mean one who accepts Wordsworth's snippy little jibe as a very nice summary of his own state of mind, i.e.: a primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose is to him, and why, why, why belittle the delicious thing by pretending it's an angel's tail-light?

I wish, too, that Mr. Garnett had given us another pungent sentence to cover the Romantics. Since he didn't, may I adapt his remark to deal with that idea?—thus:

"More or less apropos of Mr. Foerster's New Humanism, sired by Plato and damned by Rabelais, may I remark, as a humanist according to Mr. Walter Lippmann's definition, that the romantics are in the saddle as usual, but it is made of rainbow-fur (formula well known to all schizoids), is on a horse which is mostly feathers, and—they are riding rapidly, earnestly, frantically nowhere?"

EDGAR PANGBORN.
Springfield, Mass.

Erratum

By a regrettable mistake "The Revolt against Dualism," by A. O. Lovejoy, recently listed in our columns, was credited to the wrong publisher. The book is issued by W. W. Norton & Company.

RIDE THE NIGHTMARE

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Bell's Letters

JOHN BELL, 1745-1831, Bookseller, Printer, Publisher, Typefounder, Journalist, etc. By STANLEY MORISON. Cambridge (England): University Press. 1930. £3 3sh.

IN Mr. Updike's admirable "Printing Types," volume II, opposite page 243, he shows two versions of a fine class of printing types which, with some pardonable disingenuousness, he merely calls "transitional types." He has a very just appreciation of such types, however, in the chapter accompanying the illustrations. Of the larger of the two sizes which he shows—the one we are interested in now—he says that "it is, both in roman and italic, a fine and workable letter." But as to its provenience, or even the name under which it is known in America, there is no indication. As to this, I doubt if more than two or three persons knew what it was until recently (I know, for instance, that the foundry which cast it for the book under review professed complete ignorance of any such type a few years ago)—truly a singular anonymity for a type so lovely, a type so admirably used by both Mr. Bruce Rogers, who discovered and restored it, and by Mr. Updike.

My own curiosity was roused some months ago by the receipt of a small volume from the San Francisco printing firm of Taylor & Taylor (see below) which was set in a face so obviously like the font which Mr. Rogers discovered at Riverside many years ago, and the face which Mr. Updike had called transitional, as to make it certain that they had a common origin. The general ignorance as to this type is not surprising, in view of Mr. Morison's statement in the preface to "John Bell": "Four years ago, when turning over the Anisson MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, I came across *The Specimen of the First set of types . . . completed under the direction of John Bell.* I recognized the fount, till now of unknown provenance." Unknown indeed: neither DeVinne nor Updike mentions him as a typefounder, nor does the "Dictionary of National Biography," nor any other available reference book. His one distinction seems to have been his part in discarding the long ſ in favor of the round s!

Yet Bell's record is important in the annals of typography, and the scarcity of biographical material about him makes this monograph of value. For, as noted above, Bell was not merely a typefounder: he established numerous newspapers, and in particular his name is associated, as publisher, with a Shakespeare in 11 volumes, 1774, the weekly *British Theater* of 21 volumes, and *The Poets of Great Britain from Chaucer to Churchill*, which reached 109 volumes in 1792. This is no inconsiderable achievement as a publisher.

But we are concerned chiefly here with the book which Mr. Morison has produced, and not with the manifold activities of John Bell—or even with those of Mrs. Bell, whose "Circassion Ladies Corset and Seaside Bathing Dress, Invented and to be had exclusively of Mrs. Bell, No. 26 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square," is handsomely reproduced in color in this volume. Mr. Morison states that the English type foundry of Stephenson, Blake & Co. commissioned him to write a sixteen-page monograph on Bell's type; it is fortunate that his zeal exceeded the discretion of the patron, for the book as it now emerges from the presses of the Cambridge University Press is so admirably conceived and executed as to make it a work of the great importance to all students of printing, as well as to book-lovers.

The text throughout is set in Bell's types, cast by Stephenson, Blake & Co. Even the numerous reproductions of Bell's announcements have been newly set up in the correct (we suppose) types. This is not entirely satisfactory, because no typesetter can possibly reproduce exactly the work of another typesetter, and the result of such attempted duplication, while making for extraordinarily sharp and effective impressions, fails to give that meticulous accuracy which is the forte of the camera. But any adverse criticism of such a procedure is tempered by the excellence of the colortype reproductions of Bell's newspapers, the photogravures, and the color prints. Necessarily such a book is full of divergent elements of book making, for the variety of matter to be shown is expensive. So, making all allowances for such matters, Mr. Morison has produced a book which can scarcely fail to take its place among the few new books of any real importance to printers and bibliographers. No book on type or printing has appeared for a long time so valuable, readable, and worth while.

R.

HOW MANY MILES FROM ST. JO? The Log of Sterling B. F. Clark, a Forty-niner. With comments by ELLA STERLING MIGHELS, together with a brief biography by JAMES PHELAN. San Francisco: Privately Printed (Taylor & Taylor). 1929.

THIS admirably printed little book has been alluded to above, in the account of John Bell's type. It is set in letters cast new by Stephenson, Blake & Co., and is a good example of how effective the type is in the hands of so skilful a printing house as Taylor & Taylor.

The first part of this book is made up of the diary of Sterling Clark, a Forty-niner from Vermont who suffered the usual difficulties and hardships of the Plains journey, and whose daily entries record the miles from his starting point at St. Joseph, Missouri. The remainder of the book is given over to the autobiography of James Phelan, pioneer San Francisco merchant, who crossed the Isthmus of Panama the same year that Clark crossed the Plains, and whose son, James D. Phelan, now reprints these two graphic records. There are several very well done reproductions of portraits, and a page of the "log."

R.

MATERNA. For the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Class of Mdccclxxx in Colby College. By HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN. Waterville, Maine, Library of Colby College. 1930.

IF the reader is still interested in the types of John Bell, and in particular in their recrudescence in America, this little book will show him what Bell's italic looked like after it had passed through the hands of Mr. Bruce Rogers. The so-called "Brimmer" type appears to have been a depleted and incomplete font of Bell's English size type, discovered by Mr. Rogers at the Riverside Press, and restored for use in these now almost legendary editions which started America on a typographic road it could travel. But the italic (used throughout this thin quarto) has been enriched by the addition of swash capitals (derived from Plantin originals) under Mr. Rogers's direction.

Mr. Koopman's memorial poem, in dactylic hexameters, has been printed for the members of his college class.

R.

THE following letter supplements and corrects the review of Mr. Lewis's "Hearn and his Biographers" with so much fairness and justice that it is a pleasure to publish it:

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Troxell's remarks in the "The Compleat Collector" of your issue of July 19, 1930, concerning "Hearn and his Biographers; the Record of a Literary Controversy," by Oscar Lewis, are so beside the point that some defence should be made of what is really a serious and scholarly contribution to American literary history.

This book does not "plunge" the present generation "into the midst of a Discussion of his [Hearn's] biographers and their treatment of certain incidents in his life that were neither edifying nor interesting." The small edition of three hundred and fifty copies and the price, which is not unreasonable but which can hardly be called popular, would seem ample precaution against such a danger. Furthermore, Mr.

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Lewis very carefully points out in his introduction that his study is intended for a "specialized and not very numerous audience," and that "it is to the student of American literature and, in particular, to the Hearn enthusiast, that these pages are addressed."

To the Hearn student the importance of the Alethea Foley affair lies not so much in its influence on Hearn's character, though its effect can be seen in a letter quoted from by Mr. Lewis written to a Japanese student inclined to go contrary to the conventions, as in its influence on the writings of all of those of Hearn's American friends who undertook to write about him. Hearn students of the present generation have found it difficult to understand the bitterness and distortions so apparent in their published works. It has remained for Mr. Lewis to uncover the material that makes it possible to reconstruct the entire situation. He has handled it with the minimum of offense to delicate nostrils, and as Mr. Troxell says "with a great deal of clearness and painstaking labor."

Mr. Troxell missed an opportunity of service to the collectors who follow his department in not pointing out the beauty of the letters published for the first time in this volume. The two in regard to a possible teaching position in Japan for his friend are very fine indeed.

Further service to collectors might have been rendered by a word on the physical make-up of the book. Its value is enhanced by the many reproductions it contains. It was printed by the Grabhorn Press, and their solutions of the typographical problems involved are most interesting in themselves.

From all angles this book would appear to be the most important contribution to Hearniana in many a day.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE L. HARDING.

San Francisco, California.

It might only be added, as a kind of explanation, that all mention of the typography was intentionally omitted, as such matters always belong to the departmental authority, Mr. Rollins, who is at present reviewing the book from that particular point of view.

G. M. T.

CONTINUING its services to nineteenth century authors whose previous reputations in auction sales rooms have not been especially brilliant, Sotheby's on the twenty-fourth of July turned its attention to John Ruskin, and to a lesser extent, to Kate Greenaway, and succeeded, by means of the importance of the material offered—everything had been removed from Brantwood, Ruskin's home, with the consent of Mr. Arthur Severn and of his Trustees—in seeing brought about the establishing of new high prices for the manuscripts and letters of these two rather neglected figures. The twenty-seven volumes of Ruskin holograph Diaries and Notebooks, covering his life from 1840 to 1888, probably the most interesting item in the sale, went to Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, Warden of Bembridge School, Isle of Wight, for £1600: the same gentleman bought the five volumes containing the original material for "Stones of Venice" for £440. Messrs. B. F. Stevens and Brown bought the manuscript of "The King of the Golden River," 1841, forty-three pages quarto, for £155; the autograph manuscripts of original drafts of the "Lectures on Art," 1870—1874, for £70; the manuscript of "Fors Clavigera," for £55; and the manuscript of more than three-quarters of "Praeterita," for £160. Messrs. E. G. Allen and Son—*not* Ruskin's publishers, as the *London Times Literary Supplement* said, but the well-known American library agents—gave £520 for the six volumes of letters from Ruskin to his father, 1829-1863; and £260 for a series of early poems and juvenilia, 1826-1838. These were acquired for the Yale Library. Messrs. Maggs bought the collection of over 250 autograph letters from Kate Greenaway to Ruskin for £420, and another collection of sixty-eight letters from Miss Greenaway to Mrs. Arthur Severn for £40. The "Almanacks" brought quite high prices: a set, 1884-1897, sold for £46; a copy of the 1892 Almanack with a colored drawing and a presentation inscription, £42; a copy of the 1897 Almanack, also with an original drawing and an inscription, £44. A copy of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," illustrated by Miss Greenaway, with a drawing and an inscription from her to Ruskin, went for £82. Of the original drawings "The Open Door," went for £120; "White Rose and White Lily," £125; and "Come," £55. A presentation copy from Ruskin to his mother of Lord Tennyson's "In Memoriam," 1850, sold for £36; while a copy of Edward Young's "Night Thoughts," 1797, with Blake engravings colored by the artist himself brought £400.

G. M. T.

THE Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum has been lately presented with an autograph of Oliver Goldsmith which is undated but is known to have been written in the early part of 1770. It was written in reply to a letter from his younger brother Maurice informing him that his late uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, had left him a legacy of £15, and its notable feature is Goldsmith's characteristic generosity.

Although when telling Maurice of an honorary appointment by the King he writes, "Honors to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man that wants a shirt," he nevertheless places his legacy entirely at the disposal of his "dear worthy relations at Kilmore. Whether they or you may think the whole necessary to fit you out or whether our poor sister Johnson may not want the half I leave entirely to their and your discretion."

On the back of the letter Maurice acknowledges the receipt of the money, giving the date February 24, 1770. Goldsmith's autographs are not numerous, and command high prices in the saleroom.

"It is more than a century and a half," says the London *Observer*, "since Fanny Burney, the self-educated daughter of Dr. Charles Burney, was keeping for her own amusement that immortal Diary of which a few manuscript pages survived to be competed for in a sale-room the other day by the whole world of bibliophiles.

"On June 20 the original of the portrait engraved as the frontispiece of her works was sold at Christie's. We could well have dispensed with the large leghorn hat with its lofty trimming of ruched and looped pink ribbon in three tiers which hides too much of her broad, intelligent brow, and the luxuriant hair which falls in powdered ringlets on her shoulders. But the true lover's knot of pink ribbon which gives the finishing touch to the fichu of her white muslin dress is a different matter altogether. If she wore it in the presence of her friend, Dr. Johnson, who simply could not put 'Evelina' from him, he would, without a doubt, have told her he could not take his eyes off it.

"The artist was her cousin, Edward Burney, of whose brilliant work, both as a portrait painter and illustrator, there are many examples in the South Kensington Museum. Cousin Edwards was one of the three admitted to the secret of 'Evelina.' It was he who surreptitiously brought her the publisher's proofs for correction contained in a parcel addressed: 'Mr. Grafton. To be left at the Orange Coffee Room till called for.'

"There never was a more affectionate and united family than the Burneys. It must have been a labor of love for Edward to paint the portrait of Fanny's delightful musical father, Dr. Charles Burney, in his doctor's robes, holding a roll of music in his right hand."

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. . . he has been compared with JONATHAN SWIFT *and* JULES VERNE.
. . . he has aroused to an almost unparalleled enthusiasm a corps of hard-headed editors who are paid to control their emotions
. he has visualized the cataclysmic doom of mankind, God's foreclosure on homo sapiens, through the cessation of fertility.
. he has written a novel called RED SNOW *which is now released in the new series of full-length, never-before-published Dwiggins-designed* INNER SANCTUM DOLLAR NOVELS.

F. WRIGHT MOXLEY, whose photograph heads this column, is in many ways the most provocative novelist ever published by *The Inner Sanctum*, and his new book, *Red Snow*, just published at one dollar, is incontrovertibly and in a literal and distinguished sense, teeming with sensational interest.

Red Snow has become a symbol of high cosmic adventure and rock-shuddering imagination ever since the manuscript came in, unheralded, from a Total Stranger, and prompted the First Reader to report:

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The second, third, and fourth reports were even more enthusiastic, and the book appears today with a special salvo from *The Inner Sanctum*—424 thrilling pages devoted to a story of almost physiologically breathless excitement, beginning on page one when

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AS slow as the tortoise, or molasses, or one of those trains that meander through the incredibly beautiful landscape of Sicily, that's what we are. But we get there at last, as we hope that even the Literary Lobby, that bookstore which writes us it is much hurt because it took us over a year to mention that it had moved from 28 West 44th Street to number 67 of the same block, will admit. At that, we're not so bad in comparison with others; for Alfred A. Knopf informs us that more than eight years ago the Paris publishing house of Perrin et Cie signed the contract for the French edition of *Hergesheimer's* "Linda Condon" and only now is publishing it. There's slowness for you. . . .

Well, at any rate we're not going to be so behind hand in making mention of the Blue Ribbon Books, the first group of which has just made its appearance. These are the reprints of outstanding volumes from the lists of various publishers which Harpers, Dodd, Mead, Harcourt, Brace, and Little, Brown have united to issue at the price of one dollar. Those that have come in to us—they are indicative of the general character of the works to be chosen—are *Dorsey's* "Why We Behave like Human Beings," *Katherine Mayo's* "Mother India," and *John Vandercook's* "Black Majesty." On the strength of them we have determined to go home and weed out our shelves. We'll acquire glory in the eyes of our friends by presenting them with batches of detective stories and profit for ourselves by replacing them with books we should have read when first they appeared but for some reason didn't. If we were a young couple starting to build a library—which we're not, of course—and had to watch our expenditures—which equally of course we must—we'd put some of our appropriation for buying books into this collection of contemporary literature. . . .

Signs never fail. Just as the music of the organ grinder in the land announces the imminence of spring so the resumption of literary teas gives notice that a new publishing season is about to begin. Coward-McCann ushered in the approaching period of fall activity with a party this past week which served the double purpose of a second birthday celebration of their own and a means of doing honor to *MacKinley Kantor*, whose "Diversey" they published last year and whose second novel of Chicago, "El Goes South," has just appeared. It was a grand party with plenty of refreshment of all kinds, and a babble of voices coming from at least three rooms at once. We ourselves happened to come upon *Mr. Manuel Komroff* as we entered, and managed to back him into a corner where we listened entranced while he told us how *George Meredith* hated the very mention of *Dickens's* name, so much did he dislike his work, and how his guests used to bait him by talking now of "Dombey and Son," and now of "Old Curiosity Shop," or again of "David Copperfield"; how William Archer would always draw back with timidity at the suggestion that he write, how *Bernard Shaw* refused to coast and derided the sport, and how *Santayana*, arriving in America as a boy of eight, was more than by anything else impressed by the fact that whereas in Spain men wore only black ribbons on their hats in America they could wear blue, and by the slim grace of the buggy wheels which had slender spokes instead of the heavy ones of the vehicles to which he was accustomed in his native land. We only wish Mr. Komroff would write his reminiscences, or those he has at second hand from his wife, who was a relative of Archer and in her early youth was taken by him to call on many of the Victorian great. But he's busy on a novel the subject of which we don't feel at liberty to divulge. We'll tell you, however, that it has an impressive theme and that it gives opportunity for plenty of picaresque adventure and for the kind of richly tapestried description Mr. Komroff did so well in his "Coronet." . . .

While we're still near the subject of eminent Englishmen we'd like to report that *John o' London's Weekly* says it is typical of *Sir James Barrie's* retiring nature that he has his telephone number entered in the directory under the name of his butler. We wonder whether that's modesty or self-defense. . . .

We learn with regret of the death at a nursing home in England of *Donald Stewart* whose "Sanatorium," just issued by Harpers, we read recently with a morbid interest. Here is a novel, undoubtedly autobiographical, recounting the experiences and reactions of a sufferer from tuberculosis, written with so great a fidelity to detail and with so tragic a realism as to make it extremely painful reading. We cannot forget it or our agony of sympathy for its writer. . . .

Less tragic is the death at eighty of *Isabella M. Alden*, who in seventy-odd years of writing published more than a hundred and twenty books. At eight she issued her first story, signing it *Pansy*, the pseudonym under which she eventually won wide popularity. . . .

Mrs. Alden's eighty years reminds us of *Hindenburg*, who is said by his biographers, *Margaret Goldsmith* and *Frederick Voight*, in their volume recently issued by Morrow, to be young at eighty-three, and of *George Moore* who at seventy-eight has just completed a three-act play entitled "The Passing of the Essenes," based upon an incident in his novel, "The Brook Kerith." It will be produced in London in the early autumn. And, most aged veteran of them all, there's *Mary P. Wells Smith* who last month celebrated her ninetieth birthday and whose stories for children have been popular for two generations. Last year Little, Brown reprinted one of the best known of them, "The Boy Captive of Old Deerfield," in their excellent Beacon Hill Bookshelf. . . .

Six favorite ballads by *Alfred Noyes* will be put forth by Stokes in October in a Mackinstry edition, with six illustrations in full color and many drawings with the reed pen by *Elizabeth Mackinstry*. The book will sell for three dollars. The poems, included will be "Forty Singing Seamen," "The Highwayman," "The Tramp Transfigured," "The Admiral's Ghost," "Bacchus and the Pirates," and "Black Bill's Honeymoon." Four of these at least are among the very best things Noyes ever did, as he always had a distinct *flair* for the humorous and dramatic in ballad measure, and the Mackinstry illustrations are sure to be sumptuous. . . .

Ballads puts us in mind of the fact that over the lunch table the other day, *Carl Sandburg* was lamenting the fact that the American public as a whole is indifferent to folk song. Mr. Sandburg himself has done much to break down general ignorance of the wealth of this sort of music in our country by his "American Songbag" which Harcourt, Brace has just issued in a popular edition at $3.50. It is a work to have. So will the new volumes of his *Lincoln* be when they appear about 1932. Mr. Sandburg tells us that the United States Government has an appallingly extensive collection of material bearing upon the Civil War years on which he is working—enough to fill some 185 large tomes. He enlisted our sympathy for *Mrs. Lincoln* by what he had to tell us of her as a psychopathic case. . . .

The latest "news" of the book world is the retirement from publishing of *Mr. George Palmer Putnam* and the merger of Minton, Balch & Company with the firm he is leaving. He himself is to be succeeded as its head by *Palmer Coslett Putnam*, son of the Major *George Haven Putnam* who recently died in the fulness of years and honor. We wish all those concerned in the newly welded organizations a success more than doubled by their union. . . .

Speaking of Putnam's reminds us of the autobiography just issued by *Nina Wilcox Putnam* under the title "Laughing Through," a chronicle we consider the very quintessence of atrocious taste, to say the least. Mrs. Putnam in a life rich in interesting contacts met few of whom she speaks with warmth, many of whom she writes with malice, and others—among them the very worthy members of her husband's family whose foibles and regard for the conventions she happened to dislike—on whom she comments with a pettiness of spirit as deplorable as it is incredibly outspoken. As to her narration of episodes in which her own mother was concerned, the most elementary regard for filial reserve is violated. . . . *Au revoir.*

THE SUBSTITUTE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

August 14, 1930.

You who know London today will enjoy reading James Fenimore Cooper's *Gleanings in Europe—England*.[1] He was there in 1828. His diary, while peppered with "little acrimonies of the moment," is filled with comparisons of his America and England, and accounts of his meetings with some of the most prominent figures in the London society of the day. He tells of Sir Walter Scott,[2] Lockhart, Mrs. Siddons, and Samuel Rogers. On one occasion, "Coleridge[3] was of the company, and gave 'not a discourse but a dissertation' on Homer. 'As near as I could judge he was rather more than an hour in possession of the floor, almost without interruption.' Scott occasionally muttered, 'Eloquent!' 'Wonderful!' 'Very extraordinary!'" These literary figures dominate the scenes throughout this vivid diary.

* * *

Ralph Waldo Emerson,[4] who preferred to be known as Waldo Emerson, was a reader of Plato, of Augustine, of Jeremy Taylor. It is interesting, in that light, to see a volume of Jeremy Taylor's choicest writings and sermons, and a biography of R. W. E. published within a few months of each other. The book is called *The Golden Grove*,[5] and is edited by Logan Pearsall Smith, whom all Bowling Green readers and some others will remember as an altogether charming writer, a Philadelphian who lives in Oxford. Also there is an increasing interest these days in Ancient Greece and its great literature. The production of *Lysistrata* is only one evidence of it. The greater number of readers of Plato[6] each year, the popularity of that excellent collection of very readable drama, *Ten Greek Plays*,[7] translated by Gilbert Murray and others, and the recent publication of the *Oxford Book of Greek Verse*,[8] all are signs of the present curiosity and enthusiasm for things Greek.

* * *

It interested us to hear the other day that a Facsimile Text Society was organizing with the purpose "to reproduce by photography some of the world's rare volumes." The *Type-Facsimile Reprints*[9] *of Poetical Pieces of the Restoration Period and the Eighteenth Century* printed by the Oxford Press have long been a delight to us. Most of these volumes are not photographic but printed from the same type as the originals and on paper made to the old recipe. Thus the charm and flavor of the original is in them. We recommend them to you who have the taste for such things and lack the purse for the originals.

* * *

The great *Oxford English Dictianary*[10] has brought forth another child, to be known as the *Little Oxford Dictionary*.[11] It will go into a vest pocket or a pocketbook, it contains over 30,000 words, and costs but 75c. It is a veritable miracle of conciseness and economy. Furthermore, it is not a synonym book, as dictionaries of this size usually are, but a real dictionary with definitions and idiomatic uses given.

The London Times says: "The sight of this little dictionary almost inevitably recalls the rhyme about the lesser fleas and so ad infinitum; for first there is the great *Oxford Dictionary*, then there is the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*,[12] then the *Pocket Oxford Dictionary*,[13] and now there is the *Little Oxford Dictionary*, which is based on the *Pocket* but derives ultimately from the inexhaustible great-grandparent. Can the force of lexicography farther go? Nevertheless it would be unjust to create the impression that the *Little* is merely a diminutive *Pocket*, any more than the *Pocket* was a mere abridgment of the *Concise;* because the lower you go in the scale the more generous you can be to words which have not quite won a literary status, and to others, like the constantly arising technical terms, which are bound to be on the border line at first. Etymologies are not given; but such explanations as U. S., Austral., N.—Amer., Chem., Archit., Astr., *Pol., and the like, indicate origin or sphere of use. At the end are appendixes on the pronunciation of proper names; abbreviations commonly met in reading; forms for ordinary letters (but not letters addressed to titled correspondents); weights and measures; moneys." Thus, as a discerning mind has expressed it, "the great work flowers in more modest buds."

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $3.50 (2) Complete Works, 24 vols. Red Venetian, each $3.00, set $72.00. (3) Poems, $1.50; Table Talk, $1.50. (4) Poems, $1.50. (5) $3.50. (6) Dialogues, 5 vols., $25.00; The Republic, $5.50; Selections, 2 vols., $4.00 (all in English translations by B. Jowett). (7) $3.50. (8) $3.75; India paper, $4.25. (9) Send for list of 17 titles. (10) 20 vols., $500 and up. Send for prospectus. (11) Leather ed., red, green, blue, $2.00 for week-end gift, etc. (12) $3.50. (13) $2.00.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquires in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

T. J. H., New York, asks for novels, plays, or essays in which the character of Don Juan appears.

IT seems there were two Spaniards, one well on his way to sainthood, the other headed in the opposite direction, murder, arson, and disturbing the peace of ladies being among his more describable diversions. But the former, being warned in a dream that he would surely be damned, felt it might as well be for a sheep as a lamb, spent his remaining years in earnestly making up for lost time, and landed bang in the middle of Hell. Whereas the other, at the point of death, cast himself upon the mercy of God, made a genuine and heartfelt repentance, and hopefully departed in the direction of Purgatory. The moral being, of course, that the most presumptous sin is that of doubting divine mercy and setting human limits to the power of God, the morality by which it was put upon the Spanish stage early in the seventeenth century was deservedly popular. But it soon looked as if this popularity might be due less to the relapsed saint than to the sinner who so successfully spun out his chances, and Tirso de Molino determined to supplement his first work with another cautionary play showing the danger of thus gambling with grace. The hero of "El Burlador de Sevilla," produced in Barcelona in 1630, was that peculiarly vicious sort of sinner who is also an orthodox believer, getting, indeed, special excitement from his conviction that there was a Hell and his intention to slip past its jaws at the last possible moment by repentance—"only not yet." A recurrent phrase in the play is his reply to those who urge him to amend—that there is time enough. But the moment came at once too soon and too late, and by the aid of a statue invited to dinner (a legend current for some time before and not confined to Spain) he was carried down quick into the flames.

All this I learned at second-hand, for I read no Spanish. I cannot even now recall where I read it, for the origins and permutations of the Don Juan legend have interested me this long time. He began, then, under distinguished theological sanction. But he was far too full of rough, restless life to stay there. Travelling players soon took him to France, and within a generation the French adaptations began that were superseded in 1665 by Molière's "Le Festin de Pierre," which put him into more appropriate prose with new comic effects. Within five more years he had reached England and in 1676 appeared in Shadwell's "The Libertine." By now he was pretty far from his beginnings: even in Spain he had been recast and in one version given a new name.

Long before our day, however, he had become an international, a human, figure, a type almost as useful as Faust. He was used by Flaubert and by Barbey d'Aurevilly, by Landau and Heyse, by Sacher-Masoch. Byron took from him only his name (pronounced English-fashion) and a slight smell of sulphur—there is an illustrated edition of the poem in the Black-and-Gold Library (Dodd, Mead) that seems to me to get just the proper Byronic dandyism into its black-and-white pictures. Balzac had used him in "L'Elixir d'une Longue Vie," Alfred de Musset in "Une Matinée de Don Juan" and "Namouna," and Merimée in "Les Âmes du Purgatoire." From this, Alexandre Dumas *père* derived "Don Juan de Marana," and from this Zorilla drew him back into a Spanish play, "Don Juan Tenorio," which I am informed by the new Encyclopedia Britannica is performed in all large Spanish cities in the first week of November.

Meanwhile five operatic composers had set him to music, Purcell having been the first to do so. All these were set aside by Mozart's deathless setting of the libretto of Lorenzo da Ponte. The "Memoirs" of Lorenzo da Ponte, with their mixture of gossip, brag, fact, and social history, were given to America in two translations last year, one published by Lippincott with an introduction by the editor, Arthur Livingston, the other by Houghton Mifflin, with introduction and notes by L. A. Sheppard; from either of these one may learn about the circumstances of the libretto and about the founding of Italian opera in the United States, for which da Ponte was responsible. This Mozart stage appearance amounted to a rebirth. Since then, consciously or unconsciously, a musical element enters into versions of the story, and the people on Mozart's stage keep a life of their own. Shaw's "Man and Superman" (Brentano) derives from the operatic Don Juan, even to the names, and the pseudonymous "Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy" (Bobbs-Merrill) is signed "Juanita Whitefield Tanner." The latest emergence of these characters is in "Don Juan's Daughters," by Irene Forbes-Mosse (Dodd, Mead), title-story of a collection so charming that I brought it with me for affectionate rereading on board ship. Here one Hilaria, a lovely lady of the type this author knows so well how to create, tells what really happened to Donna Elvira (Don Juan's widow), to Donna Anna and her coin-collecting tenor husband, Don Ottavio, and to the four little girls of Elvira, after the unmentionable death of their papa. They are all out of the opera, and all completely convincing—a tribute to the tenacity with which these characters keep alive.

Rostand used "The Last Night of Don Juan" for an edifying poetic entertainment crowded with ghostly ladies. Bataille let him escape his first doom, attend his own funeral, and drag out the horrid old age of one who now must buy what was once the object of pursuit. One could see by this that he was on the down grade and going steadily out of fashion. Gentlemen do not seem to have time now for the pursuit of ladies. In the famous "Manifesto" that ushered in Futurism in Italy—and remained its most important document—Marinetti called upon young men to dethrone Don Juan as a national hero and substitute—Wilbur Wright. One seems to see the calm shade from Dayton passing politely to the pedestal as the Burlador—no doubt thumbing his nose, for his manners were always regrettable—leaps to less restricted quarters lightly as from Elvira's window.

Of Ludwig Lewissohn's "Don Juan" (Liveright) and Martiñez Ruiz's "Don Juan" (Knopf), I know only the titles: he appears in Gleichen-Russwurm's "Dandies and Don Juans" (Knopf), a collective biography of dressy deluders. He even haunts so delicate a trifle as Sascha Guitry's musical play "Mozart," in which the great Sascha and Yvonne Printemps came to the conquest of Broadway. For I notice that when young Mozart is meditating ever so gentle a flirtation, themes from his later masterpiece seem to get into Reynaldo Hahn's music. Don Juan may be found elsewhere in contemporary literature for all I know. There is life in the old boy yet.

The American University of Beirut, Syria, in the selection of whose text-books this department has already coöperated, is in search of a book for its sophomore course in "Survey of Social Science." They have been using Blackmar's "History of Society," which takes the subject in its social, philosophical, political, economic, and religious phases; with this has been used Wells's "Short History of the World." The text-book should have historical treatment with the various phases differentiated and delineated, simple language—for sophomores whose native language is not English—and thought-provoking quality.

I PASSED on this responsibility to the Russell Sage Foundation's librarian, Mrs. Bertha F. Hulseman, who tells me that a member of their staff has gone over a number of books with these requirements in mind and thinks that two in especial are the most promising. The first is E. R. Green's "An Introduction to Sociology" (Longmans, Green), which is well adapted to the younger student. The appendix includes topics for discussion listed under each chapter, and a brief bibliography of books and magazine articles is also listed under chapter headings. The second is C. D. Wright's "Outline of Practical Sociology" (Longmans, Green), which the advisor used in college. It appeared in 1899, and as the author died in 1908 there is no later edition. In the editor's preface a list of source material is given. The Green book was published in 1928.

G. K. L., Indianapolis, Ind., asks about books on early American furniture and other objects of interest to collectors of American antiques.

LEAVING to the librarians the duty of pointing out older and already well-known books on this subject to be found on their shelves, I can make a brief but useful list from those that have appeared within the past few months. "About Antiques," by Ella Shannon Bowles (Lippincott), gives a beginner just enough information to make a brave start at collecting pewter, glass, pottery, chests, clocks, dolls, and many other objects of passionate interest, and its style and information are attractive. "Genuine Antique Furniture," by Arthur de Bles (Crowell), is a general history of the subject from the Gothic era through American furniture to 1840; American furniture, which takes up one section, is described in its natural environment and under its original conditions, this being a feature of the book that would make it interesting to others than collectors. "American Furniture and Decoration: Colonial and Federal," by Edward Stratton Holloway (Lippincott), includes discoveries of hitherto unknown cabinetmakers and is concerned with sources of American design. "Old Patchwork Quilts and the Women Who Made Them," by Ruth E. Finley (Lippincott), is a charming work with many photographs of prize quilts and diagrams that take in all the noted designs; the stories of quilt-makers are sidelights on our social history. The pictures are not only of counterpanes but of the frames as they were set up; I kept this book by me for comfort one day last winter when I had a gloomy cold, and it was effective. "Home Craft Rugs," by Lydia Le Baron Walker (Stokes), takes in every variety, not only the hooked sort now so popular, but the braided ones, knit and "Turkey work" and quilted and scalloped kinds, and even the ancient monstrosities here grouped as "thrift rugs"—and a fearful lot they were, monuments to what thrift will do to you if you let it get a good grip. Both these books have careful detailed directions for making, as well as advice on collecting. "Early American Costume," by Edward Warwick and Henry Pitz (Century), is one of the volumes of a series that already includes glass, pottery, and furniture of early America, one book to each, beautifully illustrated and as good for social documentation as for a collector's aids. At least the one on costume certainly is; the pictures are from family portraits and the story of dress is tied up with our national story. "The Print Collector," by Muriel Clayton (Dodd, Mead), is a guide for an amateur; it takes in wood-engraving, line engraving, etching, mezzotints, stipple and aquatint, color prints and lithographs. There are many illustrations; the author is in the Department of Engraving at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y., is about to start collecting rare and fine books and asks for information on the technique of book-collecting.

A FEW years since, the efforts of the Guide to give efficient replies to questions like this were complicated by the presence in fairly large numbers of books about book collecting written out of the fulness of delightful experience by gentlemen who took it for granted that everyone knew how to begin so pleasant a business, and on the absence of simple guides to actual beginning. The first-named were, and always will be, lovely reading, and every book collector buys as many of them as he can, but for cool details of how to start he will need a practical guide like J. T. Winterrich's "A Primer of Book-Collecting" and "Collector's Choice" (Greenberg). To these he should at once add Vincent Starrett's "Penny Wise and Book Foolish" (Covici-Friede), H. S. Boutell's "First Editions and How to Tell Them" (Lippincott), "Buying and Selling Rare Books," by M. H. Biggs (Bowker), Dr. Rosenbach's "Books and Bidders" (Little, Brown), "The Golden Book," by Douglas McMurtrie (Covici-Friede), a history of fine book making, Gilbert Fabes's "Modern First Editions" (Foyle), by the head of the rare book department of the shop that bourgeons all over the left-hand side of Charing Cross Road, and an English work that I could have put at the top of the list, for it is to be taken at the outset of such a career, along with Winterrich—I. A. Williams's "Elements of Book-Collecting" (Stokes).

The works of A. Edward Newton are of course taken for granted in any such equipment. A famous British bookseller once told me that if there were any gratitude on Charing Cross Road there would be a statue there to the author of "The Amenities of Book-Collecting" while he was yet sending in their direction such streams of American gold. "The Book Collecting Game," like his "Amenities," is published by Little, Brown; they also publish the works of William Dana Orcutt, "In Quest of the Perfect Book," "The Kingdom of Books," and "Master Makers of the Book," which should be included as collateral material along with reminiscences such as G. H. Sargent's "A Busted Bibliophile and His Books" (Little, Brown), W. H. Arnold's "Ventures in Book-Collecting" (Scribner), E. L. Pearson's "Books in Black and Red" (Macmillan), and C. J. H. Davenport's "Byways among English Books" (Stokes). The immediate effect of the publication of any such work is to increase the demand—and incidentally raise the price—of anything therein mentioned. One might think that there were no more happy accidents possible, no marvels left—and yet last week-end at the bookshop of Douglas Cleverdon in Bristol, England, I saw such things and I heard such things about "finds" and association copies as made my very breath to syncopate. This is a bookshop to be kept in mind when you motor through the Cotswolds or go, as wise folks have gone since the days of Bob Sawyer, late Nockemoff, to Chatterton's ancient city of Bristol, and Douglas Cleverd[illegible] is a publisher on whom it is wise to k[illegible] an eye.

E. L. M., Hollywood, Cal., sends this [illegible] du cœur.

HOORAY for you—you voice my inmost sentiments regarding Mathematics!

Some years ago, being obliged to keep indoors for a long time, I determined in a fit of righteousness to discipline my errant mind by reviewing algebra, which I always detested. My soul cried out at the divorce between algebraic premises and conditions of real life which I have been observing for some fifty years, but I plodded on industriously until at last a great light dawned on me and I chucked the damn thing in the fire!

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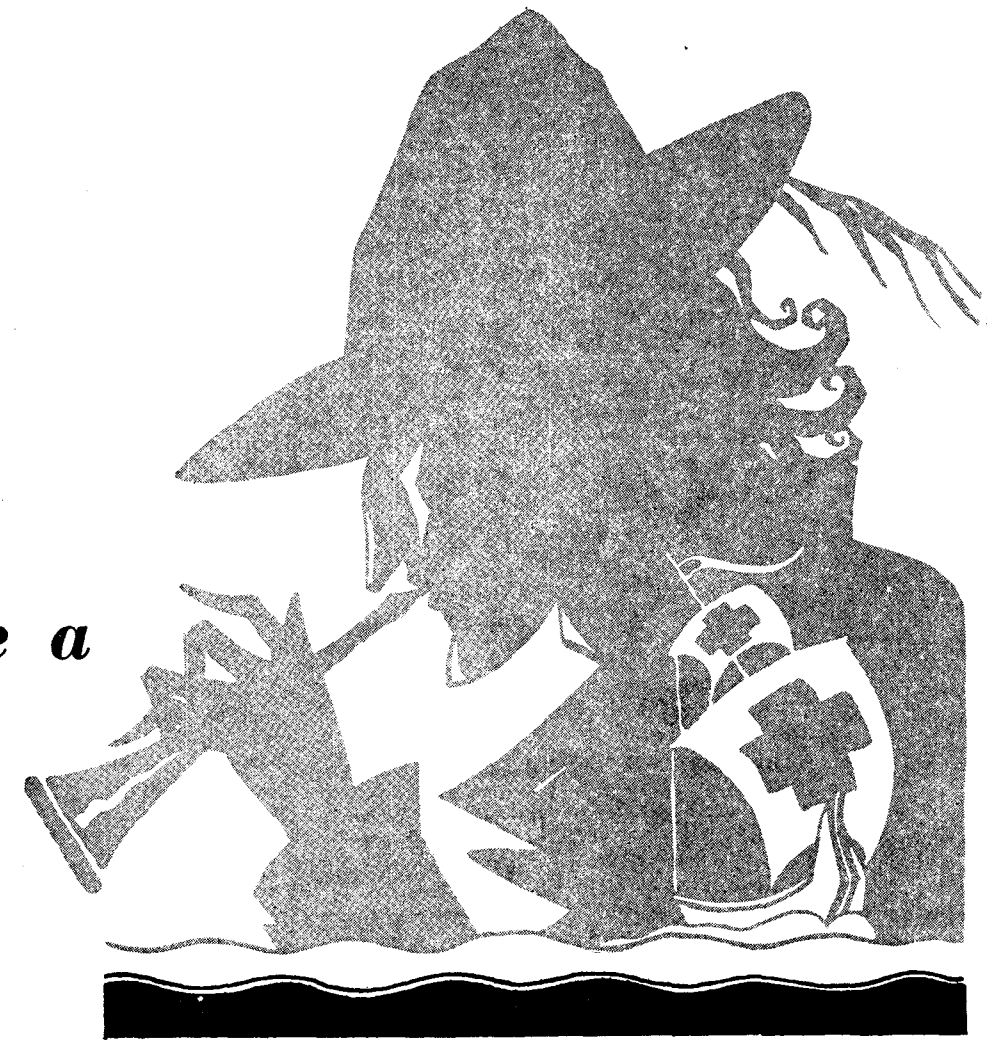

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